

Femme Fatales

February

\$5.95
\$4.95 US
\$5.95 CAN

MAMIE VAN DOREN '50S BLONDE BOMBSHELL

SARAH JESSICA
PARKER ON
"MARS ATTACKS"

ALFRE WOODARD
ON "STAR TREK"

KIM CATTRALL
ON BETTIE PAGE

MAKING "XENA-
WARRIOR PRINCESS"

KARI WUHRER
ON "THINNER"

Volume 5 Number 4



Femme Fatales



**LONDON NIGHT COMICS[®]
SULTRY SUPERHEROINE**

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO THE LUSCIOUS LADIES OF HORROR FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION

Call in your twelve-issue charter subscription today, and we'll send you a free 8x10 color photo (shown below), personally autographed by video stars Vanessa Taylor and Jacqueline Lovell, the sexy siren of *Summertime Cinema* (as seen in *FEMALICEN*). A twelve-issue subscription is \$48. Charter subscriptions are for new subscribers only. If you are either a current or lapsed subscriber, you can still take advantage of this special subscription offer by renewing or extending your subscription for twenty-four more issues (foreign subscribers, see coupon page 67).

Start with our next monthly issue (shown left) devoted to The Bad Girls of London Night's Comic Books—In *The Flesh*! As the rogues' gallery of London Night's sultry superheroes would voluntarily profess, "Yeah, we're bad—and we like being drawn that way!" Specializing on a transition to the big screen, London Night and the Ministry of Prim have cast Hollywood's thermal bombshells as their comic book icons—Carmen Electra, singer and MTV spokesperson, as "vampire waen" Embrace, Heather Elizabeth Parkhurst, the siren of Showtime's *SHERMAN QUAKE*, as Tonari Gunn, Vanessa Taylor, Full Moon's resident sa-fi sex symbol, as Razor, and Julie Smith, the sultry school-er-in-a-pang of Andy Susan's *DAY OF THE WARRIOR*, as V.H. Vixen, all uncensored in exclusive photos and interviews. Subscribe today, and pick up those back issues you may have missed!

**Free 8x10, Autographed by Video Stars
Vanessa Taylor & Jacqueline Lovell!**



Volume 4 Number 7
Flash about-high profile action star
Barbara Allen and Sheryl Koeber
who are creating heat in interactive
multimedia. \$5.00



Volume 4 Number 8
Pinella Andreotti, Lee B.
GAYNED and other superheroes
and cowboys. The Dark Moon
special edition. \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 1
Pinella Andreotti, world famous
figure skater, variations about
working for French culture. Special
Power on the bottom. \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 2
Pinella Andreotti—POLY GROWN
COSPLAY—Back at the 7th
Floor. Special edition. \$5.00
plus, personal interview \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 3
The 30 second women in motion
Barbara Allen, Joyce Barakat, Alex
Gardner, Julie Roberts, Tami
DOW, Tami and WAM! \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 4
Featuring 5 gallery women
Andrew Dufur, Madeline Smith
and cowboys. The Blue Moon
and L.J. North on board. \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 5
WAMP! \$5.00—In the flesh. From
the comic book genre to Roger Cee
and cowboys. The Blue Moon
and L.J. North on board. \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 6
Julia Starr, the self-proclaimed
Queen of Madeline Smith's world
and cowboys. The Blue Moon
and L.J. North on board. \$5.00



Volume 5 Number 7
The most beautiful women, Madeline
Smith, the Queen of the Blue Moon
and L.J. North on board. \$5.00
plus, a profile of Alex Murray \$5.00

ORDER TOLL FREE BY PHONE, 1-800-798-6515 OR USE ORDER FORM, SEE PAGE 61

Femme Fatales

Contents

VOLUME 5 NUMBER 6

The Lascivious Ladies of Horror, Fantasy & Science Fiction

FEBRUARY 1997

Hi, my name is Jennifer. Your editor, Bill George, can't come to the funeral right now. He's in traction. And it's kinda my fault. Allow me to clarify. Earlier this summer, I had bet Bill that he wouldn't code himself from the Bahamas office for a 100 sun and tan in Los Angeles. I mean, the guy works from 8 a.m. to 4 a.m. Tropicool monks have more fun! Well, a week later—surprise, surprise—we were cruising L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard. It was like Lourdes, though Bill's infrequent trips to the outside world prompted his concern about "a sudden skin discoloration." I told him to relax. "Bill, it's called a suntan."

Last September, upon completion of *FF 57*, I pitched a return trip "Palm trees hovering over us, enticing waves—flicking the sand—becoming us to swim." A couple of days later, we were jogging on Will Rogers Beach in Malibu. Bill volunteered to take a picture of me. I posed on jagged rocks, rocks with crashing waves. Leading up the camera, Bill searched for me through the viewfinder, but, instead, he focused on a 12 foot wave which dragged him into an undertow. I mean, he was floating around in the drink like a pinwheel. For a minute, only his foot was visible—spinning above the surface of the water—until both limbs sank beneath the tide. Then all was quiet. Now—at first—I was weeping hysterically. I thought he was just showing off; you know, boys will be boys. Two minutes later, when his broken glasses washed ashore, I started to lose my composure. "SER. (SIR) Somebody help!"

Mindlessly, the ocean spit Bill back on the beach. The undertow shreds and coral chewed his right leg into raw hamburger. Facing to his prostrate body, I leaned over him and insisted, "Bill—you know—you look better without glasses." He didn't buy it. Bill lost more than his pride, he lost his hairpiece, when, according to one Coast Guard official, was last seen floating around the southern coast of Hawaii.

Oh, we'll be back in L.A. to renew our search for office space, though I suspect the closest we'll come to water is an aquarium. Merry Christmas!

Jennifer Hazz



Page 4



Page 24



Page 32



Page 50



Page 56

4 FINAL FRONTIER FEMME

Oscar-nominee Alfre Woodard talks about her action role in *STAR TREK: FIRST CONTACT*. / *Preview by Debra Wurlik*

8 MARS ATTACKS: SARAH JESSICA PARKER

Reunited with Tim Burton, Parker plays a reporter who involuntarily learns a lesson in Martian biology. / *Article by Frederick C. Szeben*

12 MAMIE VAN DOREN: HER DRIVE-IN DIARIES

Off screen, the '50s blonde bombshell survived spats with Jayne Mansfield, catcalls—and Dons Day! / *Article by Dan Scapperotti*

24 KIM CATRALL: MST3K & BETTIE PAGE

Crow T. Robot's preferred s-l siren discusses *LIVE NUDE GIRLS* and her postponed film bio of Page. / *Article by Dan Scapperotti*

32 THE MADONNA OF MAYHEM

Drop dead gorgeous. Wendy Schumacher, an Anglicized *La Femme Nikita*, is the action heroine for the '90s. / *Article by Amelia Kinkade*

38 KARI WUHRER: "THINNER"

Boasting up her role in Stephen King's weight-watcher, a former MTV *-WJ* bought into gypsy mysticism. / *Article by Lawrence Tatesky*

40 AN ITALIAN DIVA'S "SERIAL KILLER" SAGA

A sex goddess in her native country, Stefania Scollia—singer-producer/actress—defuses a bloody mess. / *Article by Linnea Guigley*

42 REESE WITHERSPOON: GEN X-FILES

The celebrated star of a grim fairy tale celebrates independently produced films and "herones of sci-fi epics." / *Article by Douglas Eby*

44 VIVIAN SCHILLING DOES RIO DE JANEIRO

As FF's Brazilian delegate, the actress/author probed into South America's thirst for U.S. "indie" movies. / *Article by Vivian Schilling*

48 "HEAD OF THE FAMILY"

Full Moon's revisionary Humpty Dumpty table is goosed up with sex, violence, mid SSM and juicy Jacqueline Lovell. / *Article by Craig Reid*

50 THE STARLET THAT TIME FORGOT

Hammer Films profited from Dana Gillespie's cleavage. Now she's singin' the blues—but not about her past. / *Article by Tim Grawias*

56 "XENA." MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE

Lucy Lawless' lovelinking scenes are defiled. Production credits "Hercules doesn't kill. Xena does." / *Article by Dan Scapperotti*

5 FATALE ATTRACTIONS

62 LETTERS

Publisher: Frederick S. Clark. **Editor:** Bill George. **Business:** Los Angeles/Craig Reid, Amelia Kinkade, Julie Struss. **New York:** Vassio Mucci, Dan Scapperotti. **London:** Tina Grawias. **Contributors:** Douglas Eby, Linnea Guigley, Vivian Schilling, Jennifer D. Seidman, Frederick C. Szeben, Lawrence Tatesky, Debra Wurlik. **Editorial Operations Manager:** Elmer Pfeiler. **Editorial Production:** Lisa Trencort, Wollington, David Sella. **Publisher's Assistant:** Lisa Cobot. **Circulation:** Eva Trencort. **Business Manager:** Celeste Gray Clark.

POSTED CREDITS: *FF16 Rick Boney (S2), *FF18 Columbia (Rick Mischel, LTD), One Jackson (M. M. KAL), *FF21 Michael Lerner (S2), *FF22 ACA Group Letter (S2), *FF23 Barbara (S2), *FF24 John (S2), *FF25 *FF26 *FF27 *FF28 *FF29 *FF30 *FF31 *FF32 *FF33 *FF34 *FF35 *FF36 *FF37 *FF38 *FF39 *FF40 *FF41 *FF42 *FF43 *FF44 *FF45 *FF46 *FF47 *FF48 *FF49 *FF50 *FF51 *FF52 *FF53 *FF54 *FF55 *FF56 *FF57 *FF58 *FF59 *FF60 *FF61 *FF62 *FF63 *FF64 *FF65 *FF66 *FF67 *FF68 *FF69 *FF70 *FF71 *FF72 *FF73 *FF74 *FF75 *FF76 *FF77 *FF78 *FF79 *FF80 *FF81 *FF82 *FF83 *FF84 *FF85 *FF86 *FF87 *FF88 *FF89 *FF90 *FF91 *FF92 *FF93 *FF94 *FF95 *FF96 *FF97 *FF98 *FF99 *FF100 *FF101 *FF102 *FF103 *FF104 *FF105 *FF106 *FF107 *FF108 *FF109 *FF110 *FF111 *FF112 *FF113 *FF114 *FF115 *FF116 *FF117 *FF118 *FF119 *FF120 *FF121 *FF122 *FF123 *FF124 *FF125 *FF126 *FF127 *FF128 *FF129 *FF130 *FF131 *FF132 *FF133 *FF134 *FF135 *FF136 *FF137 *FF138 *FF139 *FF140 *FF141 *FF142 *FF143 *FF144 *FF145 *FF146 *FF147 *FF148 *FF149 *FF150 *FF151 *FF152 *FF153 *FF154 *FF155 *FF156 *FF157 *FF158 *FF159 *FF160 *FF161 *FF162 *FF163 *FF164 *FF165 *FF166 *FF167 *FF168 *FF169 *FF170 *FF171 *FF172 *FF173 *FF174 *FF175 *FF176 *FF177 *FF178 *FF179 *FF180 *FF181 *FF182 *FF183 *FF184 *FF185 *FF186 *FF187 *FF188 *FF189 *FF190 *FF191 *FF192 *FF193 *FF194 *FF195 *FF196 *FF197 *FF198 *FF199 *FF200 *FF201 *FF202 *FF203 *FF204 *FF205 *FF206 *FF207 *FF208 *FF209 *FF210 *FF211 *FF212 *FF213 *FF214 *FF215 *FF216 *FF217 *FF218 *FF219 *FF220 *FF221 *FF222 *FF223 *FF224 *FF225 *FF226 *FF227 *FF228 *FF229 *FF230 *FF231 *FF232 *FF233 *FF234 *FF235 *FF236 *FF237 *FF238 *FF239 *FF240 *FF241 *FF242 *FF243 *FF244 *FF245 *FF246 *FF247 *FF248 *FF249 *FF250 *FF251 *FF252 *FF253 *FF254 *FF255 *FF256 *FF257 *FF258 *FF259 *FF260 *FF261 *FF262 *FF263 *FF264 *FF265 *FF266 *FF267 *FF268 *FF269 *FF270 *FF271 *FF272 *FF273 *FF274 *FF275 *FF276 *FF277 *FF278 *FF279 *FF280 *FF281 *FF282 *FF283 *FF284 *FF285 *FF286 *FF287 *FF288 *FF289 *FF290 *FF291 *FF292 *FF293 *FF294 *FF295 *FF296 *FF297 *FF298 *FF299 *FF300 *FF301 *FF302 *FF303 *FF304 *FF305 *FF306 *FF307 *FF308 *FF309 *FF310 *FF311 *FF312 *FF313 *FF314 *FF315 *FF316 *FF317 *FF318 *FF319 *FF320 *FF321 *FF322 *FF323 *FF324 *FF325 *FF326 *FF327 *FF328 *FF329 *FF330 *FF331 *FF332 *FF333 *FF334 *FF335 *FF336 *FF337 *FF338 *FF339 *FF340 *FF341 *FF342 *FF343 *FF344 *FF345 *FF346 *FF347 *FF348 *FF349 *FF350 *FF351 *FF352 *FF353 *FF354 *FF355 *FF356 *FF357 *FF358 *FF359 *FF360 *FF361 *FF362 *FF363 *FF364 *FF365 *FF366 *FF367 *FF368 *FF369 *FF370 *FF371 *FF372 *FF373 *FF374 *FF375 *FF376 *FF377 *FF378 *FF379 *FF380 *FF381 *FF382 *FF383 *FF384 *FF385 *FF386 *FF387 *FF388 *FF389 *FF390 *FF391 *FF392 *FF393 *FF394 *FF395 *FF396 *FF397 *FF398 *FF399 *FF400 *FF401 *FF402 *FF403 *FF404 *FF405 *FF406 *FF407 *FF408 *FF409 *FF410 *FF411 *FF412 *FF413 *FF414 *FF415 *FF416 *FF417 *FF418 *FF419 *FF420 *FF421 *FF422 *FF423 *FF424 *FF425 *FF426 *FF427 *FF428 *FF429 *FF430 *FF431 *FF432 *FF433 *FF434 *FF435 *FF436 *FF437 *FF438 *FF439 *FF440 *FF441 *FF442 *FF443 *FF444 *FF445 *FF446 *FF447 *FF448 *FF449 *FF450 *FF451 *FF452 *FF453 *FF454 *FF455 *FF456 *FF457 *FF458 *FF459 *FF460 *FF461 *FF462 *FF463 *FF464 *FF465 *FF466 *FF467 *FF468 *FF469 *FF470 *FF471 *FF472 *FF473 *FF474 *FF475 *FF476 *FF477 *FF478 *FF479 *FF480 *FF481 *FF482 *FF483 *FF484 *FF485 *FF486 *FF487 *FF488 *FF489 *FF490 *FF491 *FF492 *FF493 *FF494 *FF495 *FF496 *FF497 *FF498 *FF499 *FF500 *FF501 *FF502 *FF503 *FF504 *FF505 *FF506 *FF507 *FF508 *FF509 *FF510 *FF511 *FF512 *FF513 *FF514 *FF515 *FF516 *FF517 *FF518 *FF519 *FF520 *FF521 *FF522 *FF523 *FF524 *FF525 *FF526 *FF527 *FF528 *FF529 *FF530 *FF531 *FF532 *FF533 *FF534 *FF535 *FF536 *FF537 *FF538 *FF539 *FF540 *FF541 *FF542 *FF543 *FF544 *FF545 *FF546 *FF547 *FF548 *FF549 *FF550 *FF551 *FF552 *FF553 *FF554 *FF555 *FF556 *FF557 *FF558 *FF559 *FF560 *FF561 *FF562 *FF563 *FF564 *FF565 *FF566 *FF567 *FF568 *FF569 *FF570 *FF571 *FF572 *FF573 *FF574 *FF575 *FF576 *FF577 *FF578 *FF579 *FF580 *FF581 *FF582 *FF583 *FF584 *FF585 *FF586 *FF587 *FF588 *FF589 *FF590 *FF591 *FF592 *FF593 *FF594 *FF595 *FF596 *FF597 *FF598 *FF599 *FF600 *FF601 *FF602 *FF603 *FF604 *FF605 *FF606 *FF607 *FF608 *FF609 *FF610 *FF611 *FF612 *FF613 *FF614 *FF615 *FF616 *FF617 *FF618 *FF619 *FF620 *FF621 *FF622 *FF623 *FF624 *FF625 *FF626 *FF627 *FF628 *FF629 *FF630 *FF631 *FF632 *FF633 *FF634 *FF635 *FF636 *FF637 *FF638 *FF639 *FF640 *FF641 *FF642 *FF643 *FF644 *FF645 *FF646 *FF647 *FF648 *FF649 *FF650 *FF651 *FF652 *FF653 *FF654 *FF655 *FF656 *FF657 *FF658 *FF659 *FF660 *FF661 *FF662 *FF663 *FF664 *FF665 *FF666 *FF667 *FF668 *FF669 *FF670 *FF671 *FF672 *FF673 *FF674 *FF675 *FF676 *FF677 *FF678 *FF679 *FF680 *FF681 *FF682 *FF683 *FF684 *FF685 *FF686 *FF687 *FF688 *FF689 *FF690 *FF691 *FF692 *FF693 *FF694 *FF695 *FF696 *FF697 *FF698 *FF699 *FF700 *FF701 *FF702 *FF703 *FF704 *FF705 *FF706 *FF707 *FF708 *FF709 *FF710 *FF711 *FF712 *FF713 *FF714 *FF715 *FF716 *FF717 *FF718 *FF719 *FF720 *FF721 *FF722 *FF723 *FF724 *FF725 *FF726 *FF727 *FF728 *FF729 *FF730 *FF731 *FF732 *FF733 *FF734 *FF735 *FF736 *FF737 *FF738 *FF739 *FF740 *FF741 *FF742 *FF743 *FF744 *FF745 *FF746 *FF747 *FF748 *FF749 *FF750 *FF751 *FF752 *FF753 *FF754 *FF755 *FF756 *FF757 *FF758 *FF759 *FF760 *FF761 *FF762 *FF763 *FF764 *FF765 *FF766 *FF767 *FF768 *FF769 *FF770 *FF771 *FF772 *FF773 *FF774 *FF775 *FF776 *FF777 *FF778 *FF779 *FF780 *FF781 *FF782 *FF783 *FF784 *FF785 *FF786 *FF787 *FF788 *FF789 *FF790 *FF791 *FF792 *FF793 *FF794 *FF795 *FF796 *FF797 *FF798 *FF799 *FF800 *FF801 *FF802 *FF803 *FF804 *FF805 *FF806 *FF807 *FF808 *FF809 *FF810 *FF811 *FF812 *FF813 *FF814 *FF815 *FF816 *FF817 *FF818 *FF819 *FF820 *FF821 *FF822 *FF823 *FF824 *FF825 *FF826 *FF827 *FF828 *FF829 *FF830 *FF831 *FF832 *FF833 *FF834 *FF835 *FF836 *FF837 *FF838 *FF839 *FF840 *FF841 *FF842 *FF843 *FF844 *FF845 *FF846 *FF847 *FF848 *FF849 *FF850 *FF851 *FF852 *FF853 *FF854 *FF855 *FF856 *FF857 *FF858 *FF859 *FF860 *FF861 *FF862 *FF863 *FF864 *FF865 *FF866 *FF867 *FF868 *FF869 *FF870 *FF871 *FF872 *FF873 *FF874 *FF875 *FF876 *FF877 *FF878 *FF879 *FF880 *FF881 *FF882 *FF883 *FF884 *FF885 *FF886 *FF887 *FF888 *FF889 *FF890 *FF891 *FF892 *FF893 *FF894 *FF895 *FF896 *FF897 *FF898 *FF899 *FF900 *FF901 *FF902 *FF903 *FF904 *FF905 *FF906 *FF907 *FF908 *FF909 *FF910 *FF911 *FF912 *FF913 *FF914 *FF915 *FF916 *FF917 *FF918 *FF919 *FF920 *FF921 *FF922 *FF923 *FF924 *FF925 *FF926 *FF927 *FF928 *FF929 *FF930 *FF931 *FF932 *FF933 *FF934 *FF935 *FF936 *FF937 *FF938 *FF939 *FF940 *FF941 *FF942 *FF943 *FF944 *FF945 *FF946 *FF947 *FF948 *FF949 *FF950 *FF951 *FF952 *FF953 *FF954 *FF955 *FF956 *FF957 *FF958 *FF959 *FF960 *FF961 *FF962 *FF963 *FF964 *FF965 *FF966 *FF967 *FF968 *FF969 *FF970 *FF971 *FF972 *FF973 *FF974 *FF975 *FF976 *FF977 *FF978 *FF979 *FF980 *FF981 *FF982 *FF983 *FF984 *FF985 *FF986 *FF987 *FF988 *FF989 *FF990 *FF991 *FF992 *FF993 *FF994 *FF995 *FF996 *FF997 *FF998 *FF999 *FF1000 *FF1001 *FF1002 *FF1003 *FF1004 *FF1005 *FF1006 *FF1007 *FF1008 *FF1009 *FF1010 *FF1011 *FF1012 *FF1013 *FF1014 *FF1015 *FF1016 *FF1017 *FF1018 *FF1019 *FF1020 *FF1021 *FF1022 *FF1023 *FF1024 *FF1025 *FF1026 *FF1027 *FF1028 *FF1029 *FF1030 *FF1031 *FF1032 *FF1033 *FF1034 *FF1035 *FF1036 *FF1037 *FF1038 *FF1039 *FF1040 *FF1041 *FF1042 *FF1043 *FF1044 *FF1045 *FF1046 *FF1047 *FF1048 *FF1049 *FF1050 *FF1051 *FF1052 *FF1053 *FF1054 *FF1055 *FF1056 *FF1057 *FF1058 *FF1059 *FF1060 *FF1061 *FF1062 *FF1063 *FF1064 *FF1065 *FF1066 *FF1067 *FF1068 *FF1069 *FF1070 *FF1071 *FF1072 *FF1073 *FF1074 *FF1075 *FF1076 *FF1077 *FF1078 *FF1079 *FF1080 *FF1081 *FF1082 *FF1083 *FF1084 *FF1085 *FF1086 *FF1087 *FF1088 *FF1089 *FF1090 *FF1091 *FF1092 *FF1093 *FF1094 *FF1095 *FF1096 *FF1097 *FF1098 *FF1099 *FF1100 *FF1101 *FF1102 *FF1103 *FF1104 *FF1105 *FF1106 *FF1107 *FF1108 *FF1109 *FF1110 *FF1111 *FF1112 *FF1113 *FF1114 *FF1115 *FF1116 *FF1117 *FF1118 *FF1119 *FF1120 *FF1121 *FF1122 *FF1123 *FF1124 *FF1125 *FF1126 *FF1127 *FF1128 *FF1129 *FF1130 *FF1131 *FF1132 *FF1133 *FF1134 *FF1135 *FF1136 *FF1137 *FF1138 *FF1139 *FF1140 *FF1141 *FF1142 *FF1143 *FF1144 *FF1145 *FF1146 *FF1147 *FF1148 *FF1149 *FF1150 *FF1151 *FF1152 *FF1153 *FF1154 *FF1155 *FF1156 *FF1157 *FF1158 *FF1159 *FF1160 *FF1161 *FF1162 *FF1163 *FF1164 *FF1165 *FF1166 *FF1167 *FF1168 *FF1169 *FF1170 *FF1171 *FF1172 *FF1173 *FF1174 *FF1175 *FF1176 *FF1177 *FF1178 *FF1179 *FF1180 *FF1181 *FF1182 *FF1183 *FF1184 *FF1185 *FF1186 *FF1187 *FF1188 *FF1189 *FF1190 *FF1191 *FF1192 *FF1193 *FF1194 *FF1195 *FF1196 *FF1197 *FF1198 *FF1199 *FF1200 *FF1201 *FF1202 *FF1203 *FF1204 *FF1205 *FF1206 *FF1207 *FF1208 *FF1209 *FF1210 *FF1211 *FF1212 *FF1213 *FF1214 *FF1215 *FF1216 *FF1217 *FF1218 *FF1219 *FF1220 *FF1221 *FF1222 *FF1223 *FF1224 *FF1225 *FF1226 *FF1227 *FF1228 *FF1229 *FF1230 *FF1231 *FF1232 *FF1233 *FF1234 *FF1235 *FF1236 *FF1237 *FF1238 *FF1239 *FF1240 *FF1241 *FF1242 *FF1243 *FF1244 *FF1245 *FF1246 *FF1247 *FF1248 *FF1249 *FF1250 *FF1251 *FF1252 *FF1253 *FF1254 *FF1255 *FF1256 *FF1257 *FF1258 *FF1259 *FF1260 *FF1261 *FF1262 *FF1263 *FF1264 *FF1265 *FF1266 *FF1267 *FF1268 *FF1269 *FF1270 *FF1271 *FF1272 *FF1273 *FF1274 *FF1275 *FF1276 *FF1277 *FF1278 *FF1279 *FF1280 *FF1281 *FF1282 *FF1283 *FF1284 *FF1285 *FF1286 *FF1287 *FF1288 *FF1289 *FF1290 *FF1291 *FF1292 *FF1293 *FF1294 *FF1295 *FF1296 *FF1297 *FF1298 *FF1299 *FF1300 *FF1301 *FF1302 *FF1303 *FF1304 *FF1305 *FF1306 *FF1307 *FF1308 *FF1309 *FF1310 *FF1311 *FF1312 *FF1313 *FF1314 *FF1315 *FF1316 *FF1317 *FF1318 *FF1319 *FF1320 *FF1321 *FF1322 *FF1323 *FF1324 *FF1325 *FF1326 *FF1327 *FF1328 *FF1329 *FF1330 *FF1331 *FF1332 *FF1333 *FF1334 *FF1335 *FF1336 *FF1337 *FF1338 *FF1339 *FF1340 *FF1341 *FF1342 *FF1343 *FF1344 *FF1345 *FF1346 *FF1347 *FF1348 *FF1349 *FF1350 *FF1351 *FF1352 *FF1353 *FF1354 *FF1355 *FF1356 *FF1357 *FF1358 *FF1359 *FF1360 *FF1361 *FF1362 *FF1363 *FF1364 *FF1365 *FF1366 *FF1367 *FF1368 *FF1369 *FF1370 *FF1371 *FF1372 *FF1373 *FF1374 *FF1375 *FF1376 *FF1377 *FF1378 *FF1379 *FF1380 *FF1381 *FF1382 *FF1383 *FF1384 *FF1385 *FF1386 *FF1387 *FF1388 *FF1389 *FF1390 *FF1391 *FF1392 *FF1393 *FF1394 *FF1395 *FF1396 *FF1397 *FF1398 *FF1399 *FF1400 *FF1401 *FF1402 *FF1403 *FF1404 *FF1405 *FF1406 *FF1407 *FF1408 *FF1409 *FF1410 *FF1411 *FF1412 *FF1413 *FF1414 *FF1415 *FF1416 *FF1417 *FF1418 *FF1419 *FF1420 *FF1421 *FF1422 *FF1423 *FF1424 *FF1425 *FF1426 *FF1427 *FF1428 *FF1429 *FF1430 *FF1431 *FF1432 *FF1433 *FF1434 *FF1435 *FF1436 *FF1437 *FF1438 *FF1439 *FF1440 *FF1441 *FF1442 *FF1443 *FF1444 *FF1445 *FF1446 *FF1447 *FF1448 *FF1449 *FF1450 *FF1451 *FF1452 *FF1453 *FF1454 *FF1455 *FF1456 *FF1457 *FF1458 *FF1459 *FF1460 *FF1461 *FF1462 *FF1463 *FF1464 *FF1465 *FF1466 *FF1467 *FF1468 *FF1469 *FF1470 *FF1471 *FF1472 *FF1473 *FF1474 *FF1475 *FF1476 *FF1477 *FF1478 *FF1479 *FF1480 *FF1481 *FF1482 *FF1483 *FF1484 *FF1485 *FF1486 *FF1487 *FF1488 *FF1489 *FF1490 *FF1491 *FF1492 *FF1493 *FF1494 *FF1495 *FF1496 *FF1497 *FF1498 *FF1499 *FF1500 *FF1501 *FF1502 *FF1503 *FF1504 *FF1505 *FF1506 *FF1507 *FF1508 *FF1509 *FF1510 *FF1511 *FF1512 *FF1513 *FF1514 *FF1515 *FF1516 *FF1517 *FF1518 *FF1519 *FF1520 *FF1521 *FF1522 *FF1523 *FF1524 *FF1525 *FF1526 *FF1527 *FF1528 *FF1529 *FF1530 *FF1531 *FF1532 *FF1533 *FF1534 *FF1535 *FF1536 *FF1537 *FF1538 *FF1539 *FF1540 *FF1541 *FF1542 *FF1543 *FF1544 *FF1545 *FF1546 *FF1547 *FF1548 *FF1549 *FF1550 *FF1551 *FF1552 *FF1553 *FF1554 *FF1555 *FF1556 *FF1557 *FF1558 *FF1559 *FF1560 *FF1561 *FF1562 *FF1563 *FF1564 *FF1565 *FF1566 *FF1567 *FF1568 *FF1569 *FF1570 *FF1571 *FF1572 *FF1573 *FF1574 *FF1575 *FF1576 *FF1577 *FF1578 *FF1579 *FF1580 *FF1581 *FF1582 *FF1583 *FF1584 *FF1585 *FF1586 *FF1587 *FF1588 *FF1589 *FF1590 *FF1591 *FF1592 *FF1593 *FF1594 *FF1595 *FF1596 *FF1597 *FF1598 *FF1599 *FF1600 *FF1601 *FF1602 *FF1603 *FF1604 *FF1605 *FF1606 *FF1607 *FF1608 *FF1609 *FF1610 *FF1611 *FF1612 *FF1613 *FF1614 *FF1615 *FF1616 *FF1617 *FF1618 *FF1619 *FF1620 *FF1621 *FF1622 *FF1623 *FF1624 *FF1625 *FF1626 *FF1627 *FF1628 *FF1629 *FF1630 *FF1631 *FF1632 *FF1633 *FF1634 *FF1635 *FF1636 *FF1637 *FF1638 *FF1639 *FF1640 *FF1641 *FF1642 *FF1643 *FF1644 *FF1645 *FF1646 *FF1647 *FF1648 *FF1649 *FF1650 *FF1651 *FF1652 *FF1653 *FF1654 *FF1655 *FF1656 *FF1657 *FF1658 *FF1659 *FF1660 *FF1661 *FF1662 *FF1663 *FF1664 *FF1665 *FF1666 *FF1667 *FF1668 *FF1669 *FF1670 *FF1671 *FF1672 *FF1673 *FF1674 *FF1675 *FF1676 *FF1677 *FF1678 *FF1679 *FF1680 *FF1681 *FF1682 *FF1683 *FF1684 *FF1685 *FF1686 *FF1687 *FF1688 *FF1689 *FF1690 *FF1691 *FF1692 *FF1693 *FF1694 *FF1695 *FF1696 *FF1697 *FF1698 *FF1699 *FF1700 *FF1701 *FF1702 *FF1703 *FF1704 *FF1705 *FF

FINAL FRONTIER FEMME

ALFRE WOODARD BATTLES THE BORG IN THE NEW STAR TREK.

By DEBRA WARLICK

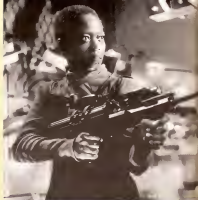
Academy-Award nominee Alfre Woodard is excited about her role as Lily Sloane, a scientist from the 21st century who ends up on board the *Enterprise* in *STAR TREK: FIRST CONTACT*. In the movie which opened November 22, the cast of *THE NEXT GENERATION* series travels back in time to save Earth from a terrible threat. Directed by Jonathan Frakes, who also plays Commander William

T. Riker, the film features Patrick Stewart as Captain Jean-Luc Picard and Michael Dorn as Lieutenant Commander Worf. LeVar Burton, playing Geordi La Forge, Gates McFadden as Dr. Beverly Crusher and Marina Sirtis as counselor Deanna Troi also appear.

"I'm Lily and I live in the year 2069, after the third world war," says Woodard. "I'm living near a missile site, near an eccentric scientist. I've gone into space as an astronaut but also work as a theorist. We're hit by what we think is an invasion."

In real time, it's the 24th century and Star Fleet has said the Borg are in the Delta Sector. "Star Fleet does not want Picard to go there because he was once taken over by the Borg—and though he fought it off and [won], the theory is that once you were taken over, you are vulnerable to them again," she says, clearly caught up in the story line. "But he goes anyway and the Borg flee and go into a vortex into my time and then I have an adventure for the rest of the movie."

Woodard says the role was a lot of fun to play. "I'm physically fit, rebellious,



Woodard relished her action role, beating the Federation's Sarcastic foe.

emotional and a scientist, which is an unusual combination." Initially she was not that interested in doing the project. "I picked up the script and started reading and got excited," she says. "I don't watch television. But Frakes [the director] is a close friend of mine from 20 years ago, like family. And I have watched *STAR TREK* because he was in it, as well as LeVar [Burton]."

Television has never been a great love of Woodard's. "A play is much more interesting than television. You make history every time you do it. This creative thing happens that will never happen the exact same way

again. It gives them a moment that's never the same."

Woodard, married with two children ages five and three, says that becoming a mother did not affect the kind of roles she chooses because she's always been particular. "There are just certain things I can do and not do. And I try to do that for myself, so I've been carrying on my career so I felt respected...I also always said I wouldn't do anything I would be ashamed of for my mama and daddy to see."

Woodard is especially proud of her latest effort, HBO's *MISS EVERS' BOYS*, a play-turned-film based on

continued on page 80

Woodard rehearses with director Jonathan Frakes, an old friend who hired her to do *STAR TREK*.



Woodard (in an 21st-century scientist Lily Sloane, talking with Picard [Patrick Stewart] on the Holodeck in a *Star Trek* program as the Borg roam the ship.



F A T A L E

Upon completion of **SPACE TRUCKERS**, director Stuart Gordon took a long-deserved holiday. Cast of the sci-fi spoof includes Debi Mazar (**BATMAN FOREVER**) and Dennis Hopper. Hajime Sorayama's production designs have been optimally realized by Screaming Mad George. Spectators who caught a preview of the rough-cut teased the film's "...resistance to be another sci-fi shoot 'em-up, it's a satire, for de f'ine... a superior melding of humor and horrorers... Gordon's best work since **RE-ANIMATOR**." The film is scheduled for an Easter '97 debut.

Stacey Linder, the preferred pin-up of **FF** readers (**FF** 6-4), recently performed as a waitress for a couple of **TROMAVILLE** **CAPES** cable scraps. "But I resigned," relates Linder. "It was nice as a brief camp experience, but it's not something I don't want to indefinitely attach myself to. I don't know what was exasperating—the clothing or the money." Last week, Linder was hired by the Flame modeling management to pose for glamour photography in Vienna.

Linda Blair prefers to talk less about her cameo role in Vesa Craven's **SCREAM** and more about the HR3398 bill—also known as the Pat Safety & Protection Act. She's worked in tandem with "Last Chance For America" to produce a calendar pairing celebrities with their pets—including Drew Barrymore, Beverly D'Angelo, Melissa Gilbert, the ER nurses, etc. Price: a \$15 donation to Last Chance for Animals, 6033 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 26, Los Angeles, CA 90046. All profits will be contributed to the aforementioned organization.

Blair's fall/winter agenda includes personal appearances in Spooky World (Boston) and Disney World (Orlando). She's currently developing "a thriller based upon the unfortunate health care to the elderly. It's being made to hopefully make some changes in the law concerning the elderly and health care. It's a frightening but important piece because it's the truth about what these people do to the elderly, which is horrible—they're victims in their own homes."

Jennifer Huss, **FF** staffer/actress, is literally an angel in Donald G. Jackson's **GHOST TAXI**. "I have the leading role as a heavenly emissary," explains Huss. "My character alerts a mortal, who has a pact with Satan, that the devil is fleeing him. Under Don's direction, I have the latitude for improvisation. I like the premise; it's *Past for the crime family*."

A couple of months ago, Jackson wrapped production on **TOAD WARRIOR**, the third installment of his **HILL COMES TO TROMAVILLE** trilogy. Only last October, however, the producer/director located "a really opulent speaking set, so I shot a new opener for the movie, with two semibarbaric assassins. They're in communication with two earth girls, played by newcomers Tina Hargrove and Carrie Mason, both actresses were in my time level movie, **PIRATES OF HOLLYWOOD**."

Last time we talked with Ginger Lynn Allen (**R1**), former X-con turned B-lister, was back in 1993, she had just wrapped **BOUND AND**



SPACE TRUCKERS: Debi Mazar as truck stop waitress Cindy. Dennis Wrightson's preproduction art rightly reveals that she is attacked by Captain Blazenski, a sex-mad robot.

GAGGED: A LOVE STORY, which shares more than a title similarity to **BOUND**, this summer's sleeper with Jennifer Tilly and Gene Gershon. "Sound and Gagged was the first theatrically released film in which I had a lead," recounts Allen. "It was a very dark, dark comedy about battered women, lesbian lovers, suicide, betrayal, kidnappings... all your basic elements for a good comedy. It's a wonderful movie!"

"I have a film coming out called **GOO'S LONELY MAN**. I also did **THE STRANGER**, which is still playing on HBO. I was cast as a bitch, and I never got those roles so it was a real blast. I also did a CD-ROM project called **WINGED COMMANDER III** with Mark Hamill and Malcolm McDowell, it's very interactive, I've never done a project like it."

"I'm also very proud of my appearance on **NYPD BLUE**. But the best thing in my life is that I have six-month-old son. His name is Sterling Wayne Robert Allen, and he's my little angel. I'm very blessed."

Exploitation empress Dee Harris (**A2**)—who's credits atop **THE HAUNTING OF MOIRELLA**, **HARD TO DIE**, **SINS OF DESIRE**—will play the title role in **NAKED WITCH**. "It's partially based upon the real life of Countess Elizabeth Bathory, born in 1660 AD, she killed 610 virgin women—thinking their blood could preserve her beauty—until she was finally caught. The

film opens with her court condemnation; Bathory was beheaded in her castle. Then we flash forward to present day, Countess Bathory's castle is dismantled and reassembled in Las Vegas as a tourist attraction. Her spirit is liberated and she possesses women who seduce their lovers, but turn psychotic at the moment of climax. It's likely that Harris will also produce the film."

The Countess's namesake has been inherited by Lady Bathory, Corisco Comics' predatory heroine. As a toddler, Bathory was snatched from her parents and recaptured into an exhibition tribe called the Casino Gang. We'll keep you posted. Corisco is also releasing **ELEMENTAL BABES: Multimedia Swimsuit Special**. "We show beautiful women models interacting with our drawn hermits as the **WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT?**," notes company website.



live Eric LaFleur.

Finally, the heroine of Corisco's **ESC-CAPES** is one Sara Kelly, who's accustomed to sleeping her way to the top. She eventually taps into a cybernetic ribbon of paranormal. One of her contacts is a victim of political abuse, seems the government disposed of the guy after he was cloned into an artificial intelligence. And he ain't happy.

Belinda Balasko, often a welcome presence in director Joe Dante's movies (**PIRANHA**, **THE HOWLING**, **GREMLINS**, **MATTIE**, etc.), is supporting Amanda Plummer in **AMERICAN PERFECT**. The actress describes the psycho-thriller as "one of those plot buster whodunits. A lot of it takes place in my character's dream." Another viewers sampled Balasko's performance as a school principal in last season's **SUCKED BY MADNESS**. Based upon a true story, the narratives offered Ann-Margret as a former state who persuades high school jocks to bump off her spouse. "Ann-Margret was ridiculously awful in it," enthuses Balasko. "Actually, I'm in her corner through most of the movie until the very end—holy that I am!" An HBO movie, **SECOND CIVIL WAR**, may be Balasko's next imminent project. "I've supposed to play a graphics designer. It looks like I'm in it. I just don't know, at this point, when they'll be shooting."

Recently directed by Tobe Hooper in HBO's

PERVERSIONS OF SCIENCE series, cable queen Lina Romay is starring **BLUE WAVES**. Reed, helmed by erotic thriller vet Edward Holzman, breezily defines the horror film as "great fun! These witches are trying to sacrifice my men because he's carrying the seed of Satan. The dates that we filmed included the day of the eclipse, so it was a very real experience to be filming all these witch scenes under the moon." Behind-the-scenes prying coincided with Reed "in the river—and that's all I'm gonna say!"

●Readers will know what ever happened to Della Sheppard? (FF 1.2, credits include **ROOKY V. WITCHCRAFT II**, **ROOTS OF EVIL**, **ANIMAL INSTINCTS**, etc.) According to a source who prefers anonymity, "Sheppard is out of the film business and working in an elaborate Las Vegas revue. Bitter about her past, and frustrated with her level of success, she's starring in a production that's one of those chorus line kind of things. A lot like **SPLASH**. She's given thought to a return to film, but hasn't yet made one step in that direction." In the meantime, we hope Ms. Sheppard will leave a forwarding address—we've been the repository of her fan mail for the past three years!

●And whoever happened to Julie Patton? (FF 2.2, credits include **EROTIC IMAGES**, **ROSEBUD BEACH HOTEL**, **VICE ACADEMY 3 & 4**, etc.) Fueling video fetish fantasies, she traveled from NC-17 to B-rated films. A source, who prefers to remain equally anonymous (though she identifies herself as one of Patton's "best friends"), offered this explanation: "Julie's working toward a singing career, and she's close to sealing a record deal. She's a pop music singer, somewhere along the lines of Minnie Driver. I believe that she has a boyfriend, who's a bit of a surfer. She was with a girl at one point, but Julie has since 'straightened out.' Also, someone told me that she wanted to start a maid service and cleaning business. I'd heard that she wanted to do some cleaning, herself! The truth is, Julie has been in and out of the business."

●Christa Turner, who posed as Vampirella for the front cover of FF 5.5, is spotlighted in a UFO book titled **STAR SIGHT**. The actress portrays a woman, abducted by aliens, who serves as their earthly messenger. Turner, who recently cut an album, is shooting a musical video for a hit titled *Who Gots the Girl*. Finally, according to rumor, Harris Comics was so impressed with Turner's photographic portrayal of Vampirella, they'd like to engage her as Vampi's live-action spokesperson.

●Seen Fernald co-wrote the



Tina Gigante parks some ammo for her live travel odyssey. **PHOTOS OF HOLLYWOOD**, she also encounters amphibious assassins in **TOAD WARPROP**.

scenario for Harris Comics' lavishly illustrated *Vampirella's Bad Wings of Destiny*. "This book leads into the eagerly anticipated 25th Anniversary Special, featuring contributions from Forrest J. Ackerman, Mark Tinker, Ray Lago and many others," explains Fernald. "The plot to *Wings of Destiny* is Vampirella's execution by Mistress Nix [chronicled in *Death and Destruction* #2]. It turns out that Vampi's feelings of dread prompted her to put together a journal, for her dear friend Pendragon, detailing her feelings about what significant events in her life. My co-writer, David Quinn, is responsible for recent comics like *Vampirella*, *Strikes*, *Dr. Strange* and *Carnage*—along with the modern classic, *Fuad*."

Fernald has been appointed president of Vampirella's Scarlet Legion ("the official Vampirella fan club"). Anyone who professes an allegiance to Vampi would be named to enroll, an annual membership

fee of \$25.00 buys you a host of goodies and privileges—"quarterly newsletters w/ art and contests, B&W photo, exclusive Vampirella of Vampi #20 (about 100 cover), 11x17 full-color Vampi Scarlet Legion poster by Adam Hughes and much, much more." White Vampirella's Scarlet Legion, 1116 Broadway, 6th Floor, New York, New York 10010.

●By the time you read the submission, Julie Strain's facial expressions and body movements will be scanned into a computer, graphically processed for **RAKX II**, the animated sequel to **HEAVY METAL**, she'll conversely dub the frisk character's voice after the animated action is wrapped. Strain has already tallied some experience as the voice for cartoon counterparts, two episodes of **EEK! THE CAT**, a Saturday morning animated series, other renderings of Strain as herself and a character named Pilcon.

Jury Julie has also been cast

as an expectant mother in **SAINT PATRICK'S DAY**, which she describes as "An Irish family reunion. It documents three days in the life of my character. Cute and campy." The actress is co-producing the film with her husband, Kevin Eastman.

Probing into still another medium, Strain is starring in an interactive CD game titled **ITROICA**. "It's incredibly erotic and beautiful, but very intricate—not an easy game for beginners." Tane McClure, Showbiz's **SHERMAN OAKS** mistress, serves as your hostess. The supporting cast is a venerable who's who of erotic thriller actresses, including Shauna O'Brien (**FRIEND OF THE FAMILY**) and Monique Parent (Strain's co-star in **DARK SECRETS**). The producers also hired Julie Smith and Samantha Phillips, both of whom worked with Strain in Andy Sidaris' *Blades n' Belles* blockbusters. Ashli Rhey and Amy Rooker, who previously "infected" with Strain in a sexy CD game titled **HEIDI'S HOUSE** (FF 4.7), round out the cast. Another critical ingredient is sumptuous art by fantasy illustrator Owe.

By the way, if you haven't already paid your respects to the voluptuous inhabitants of **HEIDI'S HOUSE**, the welcome mat is still intact. The interactive game, usually a sell out at CD outlets, retails for \$24.95; but retailers will discount the price to \$19.95 if you tell 'em that "FF sent you." Write Andover Productions, 10433 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 4907, Los Angeles, CA 90024. Or call 310-205-7376.

●The advent of video introduced Americans to Euro-cold queen Lina Romay; during the '70s and '80s, she impressed grindhouse audiences with the likes of **GRETA-HE MAD BUTCHER**, **WHITE CANNIBAL QUEEN**, **THE SADIST OF NOTRE DAME**, **BARRIED WIRE DOLLS**. Censors, hardly tolerant of the sultry sex n' sadism that stalked Romay's product, sheared her films to ribbons, as a result, the average Romay movie was released and/or rereleased with a surfeit of titles and running times.

FF staffer Tim Greaves, in collaboration with Kevin Collins, once again demonstrates his aplomb for painstaking research in *The Lina Romay File: The Intricate Confessions of an Exhibitionist*. Greaves' 100-page softcover volume, loaded with elusive, decidedly "adults only" photos, offers not only an exclusive interview with Romay and a detailed biography, but an exhaustive thirty-eighty-eight page with title translations. For further info write Tim Greaves, 118 High Street, Eastleigh, Hampshire SO50 5LR, England.

●Between B-gigs, actresses associated with the with the fan-



L: Cable queen *Kiva Reed* is out as a "Betty Boop with fangs" in **HERO'S PERVERSIONS OF SCIENCE**; she comes out for "the sound of Selen" in **BLUR WAVES**. **R:** B-film diva *Lisa Comshaw* is launching her own video franchise.



The real-life namesake of *Lady Sweeney* is a bloodthirsty sovereign; the striking "Lady" is no less a predator.



sexy/horror genres are turning entrepreneurs. Sample the following winners (sans boob or stocking-stuffers for the *Wulverde*):—

"It doesn't just sit there, it moves," purrs *Beats Stevens* in regard to the *Ridley Stevens Savage* Thrustorial 1's, are integrated into this CD-showcase, which smacks a dozen of Stevens' sexiest photos. "It's compatible with Windows 3.1 and higher," she explains. Retail price: \$19.95.

As mentioned in our previous issue, soft-core Lisa Comshaw (*FF 3-2*)—whose credits include *EXOTIC HOUSE OF WAX*, *SCANNER COP II*—is serving as hostess and producer for a series of steamy videos. "The first is *LADY OF THE HOUSE*," says Comshaw. "Of course, I play the title role. We're following-up with a director's cut, which includes various outtakes. The second video is along the lines of *HOW TO STRIP FOR YOUR*

MAN. But these aren't 60-minute, generic strip-tease videos. There's beautiful scenery, interviews and good storylines." For further info, check out Comshaw's web site (page602).

Not unlike Mr. Comshaw, actress Becky LeBeau has retired from the B-business to launch her own video franchise. LeBeau, who was routinely decorative in low-budget soft-core (*DINOSAUR ISLAND*, *NOT OF THIS EARTH*, etc.), has developed a repository of Soft Bodies, i.e. anatomy stories who are "100% natural—unfettered by surgery." As producer of the series, LeBeau brings pre-potent talent for ciching divestments, dialogue exchanges and frequent skinny-dipping. As hostess of each one-hour video, she sumps quips with a bevy of B-film starlets including Antonio Dorian (*BODY CHEMISTRY 3*), Mason Mercon (*SHOWGIRLS*)

continued on page 62

Pendragon is heir to Vampire's remains, as lavishly illustrated in *Heretic Comics' Soul Wings of Destiny*.



MARS ATTACKS®

HER VACUOUS REPORTER INVOLUNTARILY
LEARNS A LESSON IN MARTIAN BIOLOGY.

BY FREDERICK C. SZEBIN



Smack in the middle of our interview, a 60-second spot for **THE FIRST WIVES CLUB** flashed on the lounge TV. And there she was—Sarah Jessica Parker in abbreviated evening gown—leered at by Dan Hedaya, whose surly Bowery of hoppers include **CHEERS'** Nick Tortelli. More often cast as a rebust novitiate than femme fatale, Parker is perpetually on the lam from middle-aged lotharios—Steve Martin (**L.A. STORY**), James Caan (**HONEY-**

MOON IN VEGAS). Lately, however, she's been saddled with even more obnoxious suitors who are literally out of this world...

Born in Nelsonville, Ohio in 1965 and raised in Cincinnati, an eight-year-old Parker made her TV debut as **THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL**. Studying dance at the Cincinnati Ballet and American Ballet Theater, she vocalized at the Metropolitan Opera. By the time she turned 11, Parker traipsed the Broadway stage in **THE INNOCENTS**, and later graduated to a two-year engagement as **ANNIE**. Her subsequent film career has spanned more than 15 years.

Prior to interviewing the 31-year-old-actress, I was invited to check-out a teaser trailer to **MARS ATTACKS!** Tim Burton's \$65 million production replicates the extraterrestrial nihilism of its source, the Topps trading cards which premiered—and were promptly banned—in 1962. Martians evaporate



Prelude to Parker's alien seduction.



Parker, with Tim Burton's peach, strikes an apocalyptic image from the most provocative of Topps' *Mars Attacks!* trading cards.



Dutton's OZ-meets-Martian surveillance of Parker results a similar scene, from a certain MGM classic, where the Woodcock Wilson pulled Dorothy via a crystal ball.

Congress with heat rays and turn Las Vegas into a parking lot. The aliens are flawless reproductions of the Topps renderings, pared crevices that expose throbbing brains, Grim Reaper grins. But the mean-spirited carnage—indeed, the near-clinical sadism that prompted the cards' censorship—appears to have been eclipsed

by black humor.

"I'd say it's science fiction," smiles Parker, "—with a dash of humor, peppered with silliness."

Parker plays Nathalie West, a Tabitha Soren-ish "music video channel reporter" who is as vacuous as she is trendy. She finds herself competing with cable news correspondent (Michael

J. Fox) for a scoop on the Martian landing.

"Nathalie doesn't have an inordinate amount of talent," surmises Parker. "I would absolutely not put her in the 'serious journalist' category. There's really nothing odd about her. She's actually one of the more common people that I've ever played, she just sub-

scribes to anything vogue or in fashion."

"She's as predictable and as uninteresting a person that's come along," Parker continues. "Nathalie has great fashion sense, and cares about things that probably are not the most important things. I don't even think she's really aware of what the Martians are. I think she sees the Martian landing as some kind of spectacle to attend. She doesn't realize the significance of it. She just finds it odd, freakish and kind of gross."

FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR (1986) and HOCUS FOCUS (1983) are the science fiction/effects exceptions to Parker's filmography. Back in '84, she was introduced to her public with a couple of films (FIRST BORN, FOOTLOOSE,), a TV movie (THE ALMOST ROYAL FAMILY) and SQUARE PEGS, a critically esteemed but short-lived sitcom. The following year, Parker played supportive

Parker's dim-bulb reporter falls for an idly optimistic professor (played by 800's latest incarnation, Pierce Brosnan).





Parker with her boyfriend/news rival (Michael J. Fox): "In one scene, just as he and I are reaching for one another, Michael explodes; all I'm left with is his hand!"

roles in films that yielded only marginal boxoffice, including *SOMEWHERE TO-MORROW* and *GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN*, the latter loosely based on Cyndi Lauper's feminist party anthem.

Turning to TV, she professionally prospered in high-brow entertainment, collecting sterling reviews for the likes of *DADAH IS DEATH* and *THE RYAN WHITE STORY*. But a successful series once again eluded her: Parker was cast in *EQUAL JUSTICE*, a weekly drama which was apparently viewed only by the critics who pleaded for its renewal. The show quickly faded.

Parker has routinely played the sidekick or love interest in films (*STRIKING DISTANCE*, *HOCUS FOCUS*) that profit from great opening weekends but skirt blockbuster status. Critics

agree she's better than her projects.

ED WOOD was another commercial fizzle that drew critics' infatuation. Tim Burton's homage to Hollywood fringe dwellers offered Parker as Dolores Fuller, an actress who professed a tolerance for Mr. Wood's transvestitism. Later, when Warner Bros. approved a budget for Bur-

ton's apocalyptic invasion, the director sought a reunion with the actress.

"A year ago I was in New York doing a play and Tim flew in," recounts Parker. "He had a meal with me between shows and said he hadn't cast anyone else in *MARS ATTACKS* yet, except for Sylvia Sydney. He just said that he'd like me to

play this role in the movie. He didn't say what the part was, and I hadn't read a script. I said, 'Yes.' I love working with Tim. He's engaging and exciting. Working with him is an inspired event and, of course, I felt very flattered and very honored to be asked to work with him again."

The production was hindered with a dogfight between special effects concepts and expenditures; the director finally scrapped his stop motion effects plans and went with computer-generated imagery. When Parker negotiated her freedom from conflicting gigs—and finally read the script—her interest was further piqued: "It's not standard fare. Working with Tim is always a good experience. Even as difficult as scheduling can be—and my schedule is complicated, I'm work-

Parker and Foxman suffer the consequences for their glibility: Kidnapped by Martians, Foxman barely loses his head. Parker's head is grafted onto the body of a Chihuahua.



“I was doing a N.Y. play; Tim [Burton] flew in and said he’d like me in MARS ATTACKS! He didn’t say what the part was, and I had not read the script. I said ‘Yes!’”

ing in New York, I was working on another movie, so it was hard—but you forget about that. Working for him is great fun and the people around him are so good at what they do, in every department, I really feel very lucky, very fortunate. Tim makes it enjoyable and easy.

“I think it’s the fact Tim doesn’t take it so seriously—but on the other hand, he has a great reverence for cinema. He loves composition and creating things. It’s exciting to be part of the composition that he’s creating. He really enjoys making movies, and that permeates the rest of the environment. It seeps in and makes the set a nice place to work.”

Parker’s role denied her the opportunity to work with most of the stalwart cast (Jack Nicholson, Glenn Close, Annette Bening, Pam Grier), but she did have some exchanges with Pierce Brosnan, who plays “martianologist” Donald Kessler, and Michael J. Fox as her boyfriend and professional rival, Jason Stone. Not only does the equally vapid Stone compete with Nathalie for the Martian scoop, but he strains for her attention once Kessler enters the picture. A little flirting turns into a full-blown romance for Nathalie and Kessler, but that is Tim Burton territory, love blossoms at the expense of a twisted price. Martian experimentation tampers with Kessler, Nathalie and the latter’s dog, played by Burton’s own pooch, Poppy.

“She’s adorable!” enthuses Parker while stroking Burton’s canine discovery. “She’s not been trained that long, only six or seven weeks. She’s not really a show dog, but she’s very

good. She’s got it! [laughs].”

No stranger to effects films (including *FLIGHT OF THE NAVIGATOR* and *HOCUS FOCUS*), Parker was required in some scenes to interact within an empty soundstage; her optically embellished Martian abductors wouldn’t be inserted until the post-production phase.

“It should bother me,” she says, “but it doesn’t. I just hope I’ve done the right reaction and behaved in the right way. There’s nothing there to act against, but it’s okay, I guess. I don’t know. We’ll see six months down the line how I’ve done in a state of shock—and awe!—when I was looking at nothing.”

Reluctant to reveal her character’s Martian transmutation (“You gotta leave something”), Parker summarizes her *MARS ATTACKS* experience with, “It’s been very good working with Tim. If I was lucky, I would work for him always.” □



7. Showing herself from romantic covetings, Parker played a cop in *STRONG DISTANCE*. 8. Cast as actress Dolores Fuller opposite Johnny Depp’s ED WOOD, Parker and the film’s director, Tim Burton, reached for *MARS ATTACKS*!



MAMIE VAN DOREN '50S BLONDE BOMBSHELL

THE DRIVE-IN DIVA SURVIVED CENSORS,
SCANDAL AND FLESH-EATING VEGGIES.

BY DAN SCAFFEROTTI



THE BEAT GENERATION (1966): Van Doren as "a psychopathic, woman fiend who ripens young men." Dubbed by critics, "sensational as well as sordid."

Not all baby boomers was nostalgically about the fifties; some have gauged that epoch as "the end of innocence." Elvis' gyrating torso was censored from the waist down on television. Civic groups insisted *Rock Around the Clock*, a song belted out by Bill Haley and the Comets, was corrupting "the youth." The country was bracing for amorality. And there was the threat of Communists plundering America. Not to mention the invasion of bosomy, platinum blonde legends at the local drive-ins.

Men behind pulpits branded drive-in theatres as nocturnal "passion pits;" trailers and print ads fueled adolescent hormones with squads of starlets who squeezed into bra-constructive sweaters. Mamie Van Doren was the Queen of Cashmere. Male teens craved her, though she struck a chord of discontent



MAMIE VAN DOREN

"I was just good copy. I would just blurt out things and people liked to interview me. As far as the heads of the studios, they looked upon me as if I were a dumb blonde. A bimbo."

among parents

The '50s introduced a dichotomy of blonde bombshells. Teen angst couldn't relate to Marilyn Monroe's breathy vulnerability and sterilized, big-budget films. Jayne Mansfield's naivete, which self-destructed into an inevitable "dumb blonde" routine, rendered only an unsophisticated caricature of Monroe. But Mamie Van Doren's rebellious streak was tailored for the teen market—wielding her sexuality with panache, she personified the "decadence" of the Rock n' Roll era.

Flashback Launching her career at RKO Pictures, young Joan Olander got off to a false start. Three false starts if you count inconsequential appearances in *JET PILOT*, *HIS KIND OF WOMAN* and *TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY*. She recounts her detour to the Universal lot as "rather a shock because you walk in the gates of a large studio

and you're a nobody. You're young and, all of a sudden, you get lucky and you've got a contract and you have two years to make something of yourself. I had a seven-year contract with two year options. Some people had six month options. I got a two year so it enabled me to hold my own and make a name for myself."

"Universal stripped me of Joan Olander. They changed my name, they redid my hair and put different kinds of clothes on me. All of a sudden, you're another person. I would go into the studio without any makeup on. But I'd go to Makeup and Hair and everything would be changed. I'd put on these sexy clothes and my bullet bra and—boom!—I wouldn't even know myself when I walked out and came home."

Christened by Universal as Mamie Van Doren, the starlet's "birth" would turn very public. "People loved me in the publicity depart-

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE (1955) Van Doren's "Eve" yields to Satan (Mickey Rooney). To mollify censors, she concealed her navel with a 1950





TEACHER'S PET (36) "My first scene with Clark Gable was a kissing scene. But they cut it, claiming he looked too old for me to be kissing him like that."

ment," she laughs. "I was just good copy. I would just blurt out things and people liked to interview me. As far as the producers and the heads of studios, they looked upon me as if I was a dumb blonde in those days. A 'bimbo.' Externalizing their personal perceptions, the studio brass promptly cast Van Doren as the chick with a room temperature IQ.

As corporate Hollywood was prejudging her as a Monroe wannabe, Van Doren sought solace from someone outside the system. "The directors at the studio didn't have too much to do with my career. I had a coach named Batami Schneider. She was from Russia and she taught the Russian method. She taught Brando, and everyone, and I went to her religiously. I was there all the time going over my roles, so I was prepared when I went in to do a

role on the set. I always knew everything. I didn't need that much direction—only where I was to walk. That was about it."

Universal encouraged its talent pool to enroll in the studio school. Some sunk into obscurity, but the surviving alumnae includes Clint Eastwood, Tony Curtis, Piper Laurie and Anita Ekberg. "They spent millions of

dollars on training the young people who came in to be stars," recalls Van Doren. "They had people from UCLA giving classes in diction, which I took, and they had facilities for horseback riding. It was like a school you went to every day. Every morning you'd get up very early, and start out horseback riding on the back lot. Then you'd take fencing and you'd have classes in diction and drama and improvisation. Everything. You can't believe what we did. They spent a lot of money and we had the best training there. I was lucky to get that studio because they had it and I needed it."

The fledgling stars were dispatched on publicity tours; film premieres and parties also afforded them some newsreel footage or tabloid coverage. "Universal was trying to make me look like a virgin my first night out as Mamie Van Doren," grins the actress. "They assigned me to Rock Hudson as my date. He was one of the top stars at Universal then. So I went up to the wardrobe department and they put this dress on me. The hoochie was all beads. I

lived with my mom and dad in a little ranch house, in the valley, at the time. After the premiere, we went back to my house. Rock really invited himself in, so I fixed some coffee.

"Well, he just wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. I don't know if he wanted me to tell everybody he wasn't gay, but it had been rumored that I wouldn't have any problems with him. All of a sudden, he was all over me. I didn't need this because of my contract. You couldn't get caught doing anything with anyone. They owned you and could just drop you. I had a hell of a time with him, and all the beads popped off of my dress."

During the first year of her contract (1953), Van Doren debuted for Universal in *FORBIDDEN*, a Tony Curtis vehicle. Minor role. Her screen time expanded in *THE ALL AMERICAN*, which reunited Van Doren with Curtis. She was even more conspicuous in a Jeff Chandler swashbuckler, *YANKEE PASHA*.

"I was tested along with two other girls for the Chandler movie," says Van Doren. "That was my second

THREE NUTS IN SEARCH OF A SCALP (36) Van Doren had declined to do a "trade bath" scene. She finally acquiesced, one month after the film wrapped, realizing that—as owner of percentage points—she could profit from the controversy.



film after **THE ALL AMERICAN** (the first was **HAWAIIAN NIGHTS**), which was quite successful for me because it was a movie that was introducing me. That was a lot of fun. **YANKEE PASHA** was in color and based on a best selling novel. The studio put me up for testing against a couple of other starlets—Mari Blanchard and Debra Paget's sister—and they liked mine the best."

The plot: Chandler, as an American trapper, sails out to rescue Rhonda Fleming who has been captured by Barbary pirates and sold into slavery. The subplot: A sultan rewards Chandler for his marksmanship with slave girl, Van Doren.

"I was this chatterbox, you know. 'All my days, I will make offerings to my sovereign to having presented me to a master such as you.'" Van Doren laughed while quoting 40-year-old dialogue. "I remember these lines as if it were yesterday. We shot out at Chatsworth Ranch as well as the studio."

Although she trained in ballet at Universal, Van Doren was not a professional dancer. She often improvised her dancing, including a sensuous rock n' roll shimmy that's a critical component of her legacy. "The dancing in **UNTAMED YOUTH** all came naturally. All those little scenes were like little videos in today's market. I had about five songs I danced to. These weren't



"I did a lot of nude picture. I thought, 'Well, here in my body and I don't know what it's going to look like 10-20 years from now if I'm still hanging around. I'll be able to look at them when I get older, and see how I shook up.'"

even choreographed, they were done on the spot. Natural. I'm not a dancer. I just did what it felt like at the moment. It was a wild thing. It just came out. I never had any lessons or anything. The movement all comes from within. You can't learn those steps—you just have to feel it."

Van Doren's casting lapsed into some kind of contrivance for a tight sweater or strapless, low-cut blouse. Burdened with the provincial Hays Office, Hollywood's censorship sovereignty, Van Doren's breasts were concealed but often proved more expressive or animate than her wooden male co-stars. "I patented the bullet bra," Van Doren nods. "It's a bra that I used to wear at the studio to make my breasts stand out like bullets. That was a very famous bra. I know Madonna calls her bra the Rocket Bra. But mine was the Bullet Bra."

Contract players were at the mercy of studio bosses, who routinely cast starlets as cheesecake in a profitable B-series. Van Doren was spared Universal's MA AND PA KETTLE cornballs, but wound up performing second string to Francis the Talking



Mule: "I played the little wacky WAC in FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS. I think my name was Corporal Bunky Hiltstrom. Clint Eastwood knew I was in that movie. He asked me if I could help him get into that movie. I said, 'God, why are you trying to get into that movie?' I'm trying to get out of it." The FRANCIS movies and the MA AND PA KETTLE movies were the ones you didn't want to do. Those you stayed away from. When the script came around, everyone ran for the hills. No one wanted to do a MA AND PA KETTLE movie. But those are the kind of movies that kept the studio going. They made a fortune with them."

By the time 1958 rolled around, Van Doren signed a five-picture deal with poverty row czar, Albert Zugsmith. Upon her resignation from Universal, she was cast in STAR IN THE DUST, an eater starring John Agar. And if you don't blink, you'll catch Clint Eastwood as a cowpoke.

Edward L. Cahn enjoyed a banner year in 1958, grinding out no less than six movies including IT! THE TERROR FROM BEYOND SPACE, the alleged precar-



"Mickey Hargitay was supposed to play 'Adam' opposite my 'Eve', but he was married to Jayne Mansfield and she didn't want him to appear with me in a movie. She got very jealous."

sor to ALIEN, and CURSE OF THE FACELESS MAN. Van Doren was cast as a Vegas canary (i.e. nightclub singer) in GUNS, GIRLS AND GANGSTERS, one of director Cahn's half dozen; trivia nerds are likely to recall co-star Gerald Mohr as the Scorpion in the ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL serial.

"It was not an easy part for me," admits Van Doren. "It was a gun moll, Jean Harlow-type of role. There was no comedy in that at all. It was a straight dramatic role. I had to work my butt off in that. You didn't think about anything except your acting, which had to be really good. I kind of liked that role. Gerald was sort of a tall Humphrey Bogart."

Naturally, Van Doren's trademark singing shtick was shoe-horned into the melodrama. "I did a song in

a motel," she explains, "and I danced to it. I kind of walked around and Mohr just looked at me and it was really a very sexy, very sensual dance. Actually it was just a walk around the room. I had two songs in that film."

The following year, Cahn and Van Doren were reunited for VICE RAID; cast as Carol Hudson, her mission was to frame a cop. "I played a prostitute," Van Doren said. "I liked that one, too. I like to play hookers. Everyone likes to play hookers."

Developing celebrity as a drive-in diva, Van Doren skirted her chesty "bad girl" and seductive dances past the Hays Office edicts. But the storm of controversy brewing around THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE made her past notoriety look like a tempest in a teapot.



Facing, top: The one-sheet for **RAFF VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS** ("I didn't get eaten by the monster"). Writer Steve Sullivan notes, "Mama [D & E] rested in her one spotted persona with no regrets...she was a woman ahead of her time."



The plot: A husband of passengers, en route to Rio, postpone their journey as a result of inclement weather. Taking refuge in a church, the whole gang mutually crossover into a Garden of Eden dream. Cast of characters: Mickey Rooney as the Devil, Juna Wilkinson (*FF* 3.1) as one of the Devil's "Familiars," Ziva Rodann as

Passions, Martin Milner as Adam and Van Doren as Eve. There's no documented data indicating how test audiences reacted to Mel Tormé as "Hal Sanders," Tuesday Weld as "Vangie Harper" nor Paul Anka as "Pinky Parker."

"The Garden of Eden scenes were shot in color," Van Doren purrs, "but when



Van Doren vs. the censors: "Every time I did a scene that had an evening gown or something a little bit revealing, I had somebody from the Hays office standing there to see if everything was alright. It was tedious."

I made Marty Miller out the apple, it shifted to black and white. It was 1961 and it was my first trip back to Universal after I was under contract.

"Zippy Zemanith was the director and producer, and he was famous for getting all the beautiful women in Hollywood in his movies. He was always a step ahead of everyone, and he was always having problems getting the seal of approval by the Catholic Church and the Legion of Decency. It was all that Hays Office crap. Martin could show his navel, but I had to have a fern over mine. It was so sexist, it was so bad. Of course, my hair had to be hanging over my breasts; I couldn't tuck it on my nipples, so I had to put a rubber over my nipple to hang it on. You have no idea what women went through. It just wasn't fair. Every time I did a scene that had an evening gown or something a little bit revealing, I had somebody from the Hays Office standing there looking to see if everything was alright. It was ludicrous.

"Mickey Hargitay was supposed to be in the Marty Miller role of Adam, but he was married to Jayne Mansfield. And she wouldn't let him do it! She got very jealous and didn't want him to appear with me in a movie. I did one movie with Mansfield, a stupid one called LAS VEGAS HILLBILLIES. It was awful. We both did it for money and that was it."

Veteran actor and aging hunk Clark Gable, who debuted on-screen in 1931, was the leading man in *TEACHER'S PET* (1968). A hardballed city editor, his credo—experience overwhelms education—is taken to task by Doris Day as a tutor of journalism. Romance ensues.

"Gable saw me doing a movie, when I was working at Warner Brothers, called *BORN RECKLESS*," says Van Doren. "It was a racy movie. I was in the commissary and, evidently, Gable was in there, too. I couldn't

see him, but he saw me. He was assigned to do TEACHER'S PET at Paramount, with director George Sinton. When I got home, I got a call from my agent. He told me there was interest in me doing a movie with Gable, and asked if I would be interested. 'Would I?' So I went over and met the producer (William Perlberg) and director, and they wrote this role in for me.

Van Doren plays Peggy DeFore, a dancer in the Beugo Club. While crooning *The Girl Who Invented Rock and Roll*, a song written by Joe Lubin, she performs a striptease, scenes from this sequence were edited into the trailer. "That number wasn't really rock and roll," Van Doren clarifies. "They kept it more subtle because Sinton and Perlberg wanted everything subtle and smooth. Very middle road. They didn't want something like UNTAMED YOUTH, another film I did which was kind of wild. When I went in there and met them, I was trying to be as smooth as I could be."

The actress didn't become acquainted with Gable, a.k.a. "The King," until a scripted smooch finally united the couple. "My very first scene was a kissing scene which is incredible. They ultimately cut it out, because they said Gable looked too old for me to be kissing him like that. But at least I got the experience of kissing Gable. I had a couple of good scenes but they had been cut out. I heard Miss Day, who didn't like that I was in the movie, had me cut out. She was a bitch. She was a gold-plated bitch and you can quote me. She should have stayed with Rock Hudson."

(Three years later, Gable died upon completion of THE MISFITS; co-starring with Marilyn Monroe, the movie concluded the careers of both actors. Monroe passed away the following year.)

The bathing scene is a staple of low-budget films, and visions of Van Doren "loitering-up" contributed to

MAMIE VAN DOREN

"I heard that Doris Day, who didn't appreciate that I was in the movie, had a couple of my good scenes cut out. She was a bitch. She was a gold-plated bitch, and you can quote me."



THE ALL-AMERICAN ("Sit": As a fledgling Universal starlet, Van Doren played "the girl who tempts 'troubled football star' Tony Curtis at her off-limits bar.")

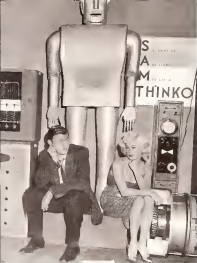
the realization of GIRLS TOWN. The plot: Van Doren as town floozy Silver Morgan is sentenced to a reformatory that's disciplined by hip nuns. One of the subplots Van Doren takes a shower.

"Paul Anka wrote a song for me, and I sang the song while I was taking a shower—but they cut out the shower scene," sniffs Van Doren. "Cardinal Spellman and the Catholic Church didn't approve it, so MGM had to cut that scene out. I guess had girls don't take showers.



And nothing showed! There was a shower door, and all you saw was my arm washing my body and I was singing. Only my head was showing! He would not approve that. Because GIRLS TOWN took place in a Catholic school for bad girls, he had full approval of all that. So they had to cut it out.

"I don't know where it is. It's such a cute damn song. Anka did *Lovely Boy* and I sang *Girls Town* in the intro to the movie, and then I had another song that I sang in



Mamie and Martin Miller reunited for *SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE* (1965), a retooled appointment with a stripper (Van Doren) to supervise a school's science division.

the movie. I sang in almost every movie I did."

(GIRLS TOWN is accessible to TV viewers via the dubious honor of its resuiting on MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000.)

June, 1963: The sexual revolution was still looming; one of its harbingers was an eight-page *Playboy* spread of Jayne Mansfield, posing—in the nude—on the set of *PROMISES, PROMISES*. The film was produced by actor Tommy Noonan, who had appeared with Marilyn Monroe in *GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES*. But Mansfield wasn't the producer's first choice.

"Noonan approached me to do *PROMISES, PROMISES*," reveals Van Doren. "I read it and didn't think it was any good. I loved the title, but I didn't think it was that great a movie. I didn't think the writing was good. I didn't like the whole idea. There was just a lot of nud-

ty without any reason for it. I didn't do it and they asked Jayne to do it. And she did it. From there, she did the *Playboy* layout to coincide with the movie. That movie was very successful."

Noonan, a beneficiary of the self-imposed scandal, approached Van Doren for a subsequent nude outing: "He came to me and said, 'Look you didn't do the first movie,

MAMIE VAN DOREN

"Cardinal Spellman and the Catholic Church didn't approve it, so MGM cut out my shower scene. I guess bad girls don't take showers. And nothing showed!—only my head was visible."

I have another movie called *THREE NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT*. I thought 'God, what a crazy title.' I read the script and Noonan made some changes for me."

The plot: Low on funds, a trio of whacky characters share lodgings in a Hollywood house. Desperately in need of psychiatric advice, they turn to Tommy Noonan who schemes to consult a doctor and set out not only his psychological impairment but the traumas of his roommates; hence, therapy is furnished to all three boarders for only one third the price. The subplot: Nona. Come to think of it, there's not much of a plot, either.

In addition to performing a torrid striptease, Van Doren—as man-leathing peeler Saxie Symbol—was required to wade in the raw for a bath scene; the actress declined the latter, describing it as gratuitous. But upon wrapping the film, Noonan "begged" Van Doren to shoot the "beer bath" scene; it was critical to "selling" the movie. "That was like a month after we shot the movie," says Van Doren. "He came to me and said that *Playboy* wanted to do a lay-

out and put me on the cover."

Since she owned a percentage of the film, and was certain to financially profit from a p.r. blitz, Van Doren acquiesced to the post-production reality. "Of course *Playboy* helped the movie," she concedes. "We shot it in a house up in the Hollywood Hills. The bath looked like a stone brook. Instead of using beer, we used shaving foam. They squirted all these cans of foam in the bath to make it stand up and look like beer foam. It had menthol in it and I was in there for quite a length of time. Oh my God, that menthol really killed me."

A six-page layout was printed in the June '64 issue of *Playboy*. Readers demanded an encore, and Van Doren obligingly resurfaced in the magazine. "I did a lot of nude pictures after I did *Playboy*," she confirms. "I did quite a few of them. I really thought I was blessed. I thought, 'Well here is my body and I don't know what it's going to look like ten years, thirty years from now if I'm still hanging around. I'm going to take pictures and be able to look at them when I get older, and see how I stack up to the ones then.' As a matter of fact, I have nude pictures on my staircase that I had taken in the '60s and I look at them and say, 'Hmmm. Not bad.' I can stack up to them very easily."

New York contributed to the commercial fortune of *THREE NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT* by banning it; the film was transplanted to Jersey City until some legal barriers could be negotiated in the Empire State.

Following Noonan's low budget effort, Van Doren kicked-off a series of equally inexpensive horror films with

SEX KITTENS GO TO COLLEGE: College professor Van Doren, reprising her stripper past as 'Tellerhouse Tassel Tassel,' teases up John Carmidine.



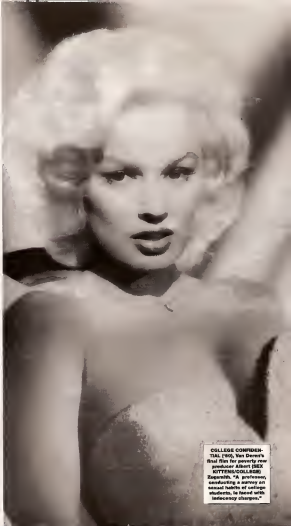
NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS (1966) Plot (7): An Antarctic plane, loaded with vegetation that dates back to the ice age, crashes on a Pacific island. A rescue team is organized but they're promptly eaten by the mobile, carnivorous vegies.

Based on a Murray Leinster story, *The Earth's End*, the film was originally produced as **NIGHT CRAWLERS**. One (presumably lonely) reviewer wrote, "Mamie Van Doren breathes heavily to push the biggest night monsters of all against the thin material of her blouse, thereby revealing the roundness of the Gargantuan concealed beneath." God, somebody call security.

"We shot that at the Goldwyn Studio in Hollywood," recalls Van Doren, who played navy nurse, Lt. Nora Hall. "It was science fiction. When I got the script, I thought it would be kind of nice. It was the sixties and I hadn't done too much. I had a romance with Bo Belinsky, who was a baseball player. One of his backers and friends had some money and was going to do a movie. He wanted Bo and me to star, but then Bo and I broke up. Bo wasn't in it, but I ended up doing it. I didn't get eaten by the monster."

VOYAGE TO THE PLANET OF PREHISTORIC WOMEN, shot the same year, ended up as one of a package of films sold directly to television; it served as the apprenticeship of director Peter Bogdanovich, who camouflaged under the name Derek Thomas.

Co-producer Roger Corman once again reshuffled scenes from his Russian acquisition, **STORM PLANET** (**PLANETA BURJ**), with footage shot on L.A. beaches. "I didn't even read the script for that movie," shrugs Van Doren. "All we had to do was hum. We were all fish. We had tails instead of legs, and sat on rocks and things out at Malibu and waves would come up. I didn't have any dialogue. All I did was go, 'Oooooo.' I was probably 33 years old then,



COLLEGE CONFIDENTIAL (1965), Van Doren's final film for poverty row producer Albert (SEX KITTENS/COLLIER) Zuckerman. "A professor, conducting a survey on sexual habits of college students, is faced with indecency charges."

and that was considered old. I had all these young chicks around me and I was sort of the mother hen."

Her screen career fading, Van Doren transferred the sex kitten hallelujah to a nightclub act. "I played Vegas twice a year," she says. "I had some boy dancers and I had some musks that were made for me at MGM by Bill Tuttle. They were rubber masks that each of the dancers wore. One of them was a Frank Sinatra. One was an Elvis Presley. One was Kennedy for a while, and then we had to change him to Johnson. We had smoke coming out of Sin-



trale's ears. Then I would sing and they would dance with me. It was really interesting, sort of like a puppet show. It went over very, very big and it made money for me."

As her overhead increased and profits dwindled, Van Doren retired from the cabaret circuit. "By the time you pay agents, managers and all the fees, everyone gets rich except you. So I decided to do the dinner theatre circuit, a musical comedy or something."

"The first one that was offered me was *Wildcat*, which was really a tough one. It was the one that Lucille Ball had done. Oh God, it was just a hard show. My

MAMIE VAN DOREN

"A young actress may prosper today because more women are involved. But, all my life, I've had problems with women. It's hard to find a female friend. All of my friends are gay."



Top: Van Doren in her favorite film, *UNTAMED YOUTH* (1957). Inset: Still a bombshell in 1995, "I have made pictures that I had taken in the '60s—and I look at them and say, 'Whorehouse! Not bad.' I can stand up to them very easily."

character was a tomboy, and she beat the drum and sang. It was hard but at least it was over in two hours, and I could go home and sleep and gas-up for the next performance. I didn't have to worry about dancers, temperamental conductors and hair and all. I got my check at the end of the week and deposited it, and that was it."

(Author's note: Back in 1967, I treated my parents to a night at the Wedgwood Dinner Theatre in Glen Cove, New York. Of course, the fact that Mamie Van Doren was playing *Lorelei Lee* had nothing to do with my decision. Dad loved it, he thought Van Doren "had a lot of energy." By the way, this paragraph is called foreshadowing. Read on—)

"I did GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES for about six months," continues Van Doren. "I worked at Glen Cove for about three months and then I went over to Cedar Grove, New Jersey at the Meadowbrook and worked there for about three months."

Summer, 1967: Van Doren was scheduled to appear in *Biloxi*, Mississippi following the Glen Cove booking of GENTLEMEN, but business was so good that the management persuaded their blonde star to extend her engagement. Jayne Mansfield was hired to substitute for Van Doren, but a fatal automobile accident drew the final curtain on her career. She was only 34 years old. One critic eulogized her legacy with, "Mansfield was more famous for her big breasts than her limited comedy talent."

"I did a lot of straight drama and comedy shows like *Private Lives* and *See How They Run* at the Deury Lane in Chicago," recounts Van Doren. "—Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* and things like that. I enjoyed it. I like spontaneous applause. Sometimes I would step out of character, go right up into the audience and sit on some guy's lap; I'd do a line



to him and his mouth would just fall open. They couldn't believe it. Lines are lines but you've got to inject your own personality into it."

Abruptly, a cacophony of high-pitched screeching nearly blows the roof off Van Doren's home. I trace the brawl to her in-house aviary: two large cockatoos—one imported from Australia, another from New Guinea—and a big red macaw. "I've had them for 17 years," she smiles. "I don't cage them. They have a room of their own. With bars. I have these trees that they sit on, and it's real comfortable. I had to tile it, they'll chew everything."

Fluctuating into a reflective mode, Van Doren acknowledges that the "star system" has eroded into an impersonal crap shoot: "Instead of the studios handling everything, I think the agents have taken over. So it's not what kind of studio is behind you, it's what kind of agent is behind you. If an agent likes you, he can put a package together with you in it. You're more of a slave to the agency than the studio."

"It's still hard for a young girl to make it, but it may be a little easier today because we have more women involved, they have more of an understanding about our feelings. When I went in the studio, there wasn't one woman who had any superiority. It was all handled by men and they look at you in a different way."

"But you never know. Women can be jealous. All my life, I've always had problems with women. It's really hard to find a female friend. It was always difficult for me. I have more gay friends. All my friends are gay. It's so funny. The telephone will ring and my husband says, 'Here, it's Joe. Here's Mike. Here's so and so. I talk to all these guys but they're gay, so he doesn't worry.'"

Right on cue, the phone rings. It's not Joe or Mike but Torry, the 40-year-old offspring of Van Doren and an ex-spouse, bandleader Ray Anthony.



"Her saucy humor and uninhibited, outspoken honesty are uniquely Mordie's," writes Dave Sullivan.

Thirty years ago, Van Doren made her exodus from the Hollywood smog and moved south to the fresh ocean air of Newport Beach. She has written three books—*My Naughty, Naughty Life*, *My Wild Experiences* and *Flipping the Bird*, in regard to the latter autobiographical chronicle, released in '87, Van Doren admits, "I wasn't trying to make myself out as the Virgin Mary."

Still as perky as ever, Van Doren keeps in shape

continued on page 48

K

MST3K'S IDOL

By DAN SCAPPEROTTI

We were originally acquainted with Kim Cattrall in the first issue of *FF*. She candidly chronicled her career, from a supporting role as the cheerleading Lesbie (PORKY'S) to Mr. Spock's mind-melding mate (STAR TREK VI). But a couple of issues remain unresolved...

Like the rumored behind-the-scenes contretemps aboard the Starship Enterprise. And how about the Bettie Page biography that Cattrall was enthusiastically pitching to studios?

Equally vexing is the disclosure that my personal affection for Ms. Cattrall has been rivaled by one Crow T. Robot. That's right, the tin-

Her hair inspired in a pageboy cut for *SPLIT SECOND* (L), a sci-fi thriller. Cattrall is a dead ringer for pin-up babe and cover girl, Bettie Page (R).



IM CATTRALL

DISCUSSES "LIVE NUDE GIRLS" AND HER BETTIE PAGE BIO.

plated, gobbler-beaked co-host of MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000 professed his unrequited love for Cattrall while heaping indignities upon CITY LIMITS, her 1984 sci-fi film that was blessed with an eclectic cast and cursed with a lousy script.

"I didn't see that particular MST3K show," said Cattrall, "but I heard about it. Someone sent me a copy of it from Comedy Central. I had seen the show and it's really very funny. Some of the references are so obscure that you really have to be a movie buff, or very smart, to get a lot of them. On the show, Crow T.—who's my favorite—sang me a little love song. It was just about Valentine's Day when I got the tape, and I sent Crow T. Robot a dozen red roses."

"It was such a lovely gesture. I was really touched by it. We actually have become really good friends. All of the MST3K guys came out to L.A. because they were nominated for ACE Awards and Emmys and, each time they come out, we get together. Bruce Beaubien [Dr. Clay Forrester and Crow's voice/puppeteer] and I have become really good friends. He stays at my house when he comes to L.A." Matter of fact, Cattrall and Beaubien are "battling around ideas" for a proposed sitcom.

As an adolescent, Cattrall made her film debut in Otto Preminger's ROSEBUD (1975). The youthful ingenue was subsequently cast in forgettable, inexpensive movies, though of her two risqué comedies—POLICE ACADEMY and the afore-

"I'd seen MST3K and it's really very funny. On the show, Crow T. Robot sang me a little love song. I was really touched, and I sent Crow T. a dozen red roses."



SPLIT SECOND Cattrall tracks a "mature sexual killer" in the 21st century. "I thought the producers were going for a sort of BLADE RUNNER emblem."

mentioned PORKY'S—were commercial hits. The viability earned Cattrall a promotion to John Carpenter's epic fantasy, BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA (1986). Co-starring with Kurt Russell, she played Gracie Law, whose stunning green eyes qualified her as the quarry of a diabolic wizard.

"John Carpenter was bringing all these fantastic things to life," enthused Cattrall. "He was doing a kind of kung-fu movie, as well as a takeoff on those kinds of action flicks. It was a very ambitious, very challenging experience because you never knew what would happen next, but once you got the tone of what's going on, you had a great ride. Kurt, as the heroic Jack Burton, was basically playing John Wayne—and he does a great John Wayne."

Cattrall, however, hardly esteemed director Carpenter as the next Orson Welles. "John, I think, feels more comfortable on the technical side than he does with actors. I don't know whether he's shy or what, but he seems more comfortable with the guys."

"But Kurt Russell is wonderful. I consider him a friend because he made me feel very comfortable on the set—especially on those days when it was very technically exacting and frustrating. We'd have to do shots over and over again, and we didn't know what we were supposed to be imagining. All of those weird things were happening, and you had to basically fill in the blanks."

One year later, Cattrall yielded to her first "grown-



up" role—and a more compassionate director—in **MASQUERADE**. Working with Meg Tilly and Rob Lowe, Cattrall earned laudatory reviews as an adulterous spouse. The production was helmed by Bob Swain, an American whose French film, **LA BALANCE**, defied him as—yes—"the new Orson Welles."

"**MASQUERADE** is about a young guy who is, basically, out to get this young girl's money," related Cattrall. "I play his mistress. I'm not actually in on the plot, but he and I have a torrid relationship. To me, it was exciting because I had had enough of playing young ingenue types and I was really ready to play women's roles."

Though Cattrall had tallied almost ten film credits, the director not only insisted on an audition but also required her to take a screen test: "He thought I was too young to play this sexy, aggressive, self-possessed woman. It was a great experience because, from there on, I made the jump from just playing young juveniles to leading ladies. I had a fabulous time making it. Bob Swain was wonderful as a director. He has a real talent for bringing out strong things in actors, whether it's their sensuality, as in my case, or evil as in Rob Lowe's case. And I think that Rob

SPLIT SECOND L: Rodger Heuer, Cattrall & Neil Patrick Harris are oblivious to collecting member B: Taking an injury to Heuer, her slain hubby's pal



"My fascination with Bettie Page was two-fold; the fact that she was the hottest pin-up of the '50s—and then disappeared into obscurity. I'd like to do her story."

Lowe is very underrated."

Although born in Liverpool and educated at the London Academy of Music and the Dramatic Arts, Catrall had never professionally worked in Britain until 1992; she returned to London for *SPLIT SECOND*, a futuristic sci-fi thriller that united the actress with Rutger Hauer. The couple conspire to trap a mutation that subsists on serial killings; unfortunately, they're encumbered by flooding, an environmental consequence of an abused "greenhouse effect."

How were things on the set? "Well, wet," shrugs Catrall. "I'd always been a big fan of Rutger Hauer's. I think the producers really liked that whole thing about Rutger's movie, *BLADE RUNNER*—I mean, it was always raining. So I thought they were going for sort of a similar kind of ambience. I played a woman whose husband is killed and his best friend, Rutger Hauer, comes back into my life."

Last year, Catrall revisited London for a role in *TWO GOLDEN BALLS*, "a comedy about pornography. It's a BBC movie for television. I played this woman who owned a pornography studio. She convinces this other woman, who is against women's rights and against pornography, to come on board and start this company with her."

As she paused to sip a drink, yours truly dropped any pretense of restraint. I had been told that Catrall was having a screen biography of Bettie Page. Catrall as the pin-up legend? I was salivating at the inspired casting! (Check-out page 24. Could I be any less subtle?) Alas, Ms. Catrall wouldn't

indulge me. "I was interested in making a documentary about the life of Bettie Page. My fascination with her was two-fold; the fact that she was the hottest pin-up of the '50s—and then just disappeared into obscurity. I was really fascinated by that."

"There was sort of a search, and she's been found and people know what happened to her. There were all these conflicting stories that she'd become a Jesus freak, that she had died or she was doing pornography in Europe. There were all these different stories about her. I was really fascinated by the fact that there was this girl from the Midwest, with this fresh young look that would make hatter just melt in her mouth. And she was this pin-up at the same time! It was so incongruous that I thought it would make a very interesting documentary."

Lack of cooperation, increasing competition for the film rights—and the fact that some backers reacted conservatively to Ms. Page—prompted Catrall to put her project on the back burner. "People were just frightened by the subject; pinups and the '50s! They thought it was just too obscure to make anything out of it. I would still like to do something about that time period because I think New York, the central setting, was so very interesting at the time. I'd like to do something about what happened at the time and a story involving her. But not right now. I'm more interested in getting vehicles going that I can star in."

Catrall, in fact, has found optional homes on film and the stage: "They each offer different rewards. I think the wonderful thing



"You still get a lot more billing and opportunity. I need scripts obviously, and it's usually a man's story. The women is usually winning on ice pick or a gun."

about doing theatre is that it's more of an actor's medium. I think that film is more of a director's medium. You can't edit something out on the stage. It's there. I really like the process of rehearsal and discovery, and I really like a live audience. It's a wonderful plus to being an actor when you are affecting people's lives. You're making them laugh or you're illuminating some kind of ideal or situation, and you get the immediate response of hearing people audibly gasp or laugh or whatever. There's a wonderful reward in that. You don't get that in film."

"In film, the possibilities are greater. You can go beyond the fourth wall. You can go to these incredible locations and you're put into

circumstances that are physically sensual. It sometimes requires much more of a physical talent. As well as being very invigorating, it can also be very dangerous. I've been on films where people have been killed or burned or hurt. Making films is dealing with dreams and fantasies, and sometimes those dreams or fantasies are horrific and if the budget hasn't been prepared right, and you don't get the best people, accidents can happen. But you also reach so many more people if the film is distributed correctly. So more people will see it as opposed to a little play that runs off-Broadway, which can be so incredibly brilliant; but if nobody sees it,



Budgeted at \$1 million, *LIVE NUDE GIRLS* "is a wonderful place of community. We'd do ten pages a day. It was more hectic than anything I've done on TV."

"Sherry Lansing wanted to buy LIVE NUDE GIRLS. But the distributor had a deal with Blockbuster, and they wanted to make a fast buck in the video market."

received a call from her friend, Dana Delany (*CHINA BEACH*) who had been cast in a "character-driven" film contrarily titled *LIVE NUDE GIRLS*. Delany's enthusiasm for the modestly budgeted film proved contagious. Catrall soon immersed herself in the screenplay "I just thought it was so funny and true," she recalled. "I never read a script like that before. I met with Johana Levin, who was the director, and we had a fabulous meeting."

Though the film was written and directed by a woman, and the cast is predominantly female, *LIVE NUDE GIRLS* is far from a feminist distribe. Probing into the psyches of suburban women, the movie resists a surrender to Hollywood stereotypes. In addition to Catrall and Delany, the cast included Cynthia Stevenson, Leila Robins, Lora Zane and Olivia d'Abo, the latter abandoning her sex kitten image

"This wasn't about pleasing men," noted Catrall. "This is not about men perceiving women, it was about women getting together and letting it all hang out in an incredible, refreshing way."

Catrall portrays Jamie, an actress who's a nervous wreck on the eve of her third marriage: "In fact, she's terrified. She doesn't want to fail again. She's had two marriages with the wrong kind of people. She has these women friends who have known each other for 20 years and she's sharing her doubts with them, and they're sharing their doubts about where they are in their lives. Some of them have children, some of them don't. Some of them have invested a lot in their careers and not so much in their personal lives. I think it addressed, for me, a lot of the things that I deal with on a daily basis as a woman."

"I love my girlfriends in the film. They're my sanity. I think that having those friends, and being able to discuss what's going on in your life at any given moment, is reassuring. You can go to a shrink or talk to your husband or boyfriend—but it's really your girlfriends that you can take their hand and know exactly what they're going through, or what you're going through on a daily basis."

Denied a leisurely paced schedule, *LIVE NUDE GIRLS* was produced for only \$1 million; expenditures were trimmed by keeping customary amenities to a minimum. The film was shot in North Ridge which, nine months prior to shooting, had been dismantled by an earthquake. "It was really hot and disgusting, and there was only one toilet for

it's not as effective.

During a three month tenure, Catrall played Janet in the Canadian stage production of *ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*. "I loved it," she gushed. "We performed the play in Toronto. I remember later seeing the film, which was wonderful, and just loving Tim Curry. I did it with Brett Carver who is a very talented Canadian singer-dancer. He won a Tony Award for *KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN*."

And how did she vocally prepare herself in regard to warbling the likes *Time Warp*? "I sing quite well, actually," Catrall sniffs. "I love to sing. I've studied singing off and on while I was studying in New York."

"There are so many avenues of performing I'm not interested in the form of musical theatre unless it's something like *ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*, which is a blast. I find Andrew Lloyd Webber's stuff so incredibly druggy and droopy. I think he's ruined American musicals. I don't ever come out singing or humming his songs. I'm just not a big fan of his and I find that the musical theatre has really gone in that direction—in such a

big way!—that it's not so sophisticated enough for me anymore. It seems corny and archaic. I'd rather go see the movie than a production of it. I think Sondheim is brilliant because it's about something and the music is much more accessible. I don't like big spectacles. I don't like the circus. I want a more intimate kind of experience, theatre-wise. It's just not my cup of tea."

While working on *TWO GOLDEN BALLS*, Catrall

Catrall played the title role as a *MANNING* come-to-life. Though critically panned ("... MTV pick"), the '87 fantasy turned into a profitable summer slapper.



everybody—crew and cast—to use,” said Catrall. “There was really nowhere to go to be by yourself. The campers were two streets away. It was just too hot. It was one of the more claustrophobic sets, but I think it served us for what we had to do. Our shooting agenda was intense. We’d do ten pages a day. It was more hectic than anything I’ve done on television. The result was this wonderful piece of community, this gem about women and women’s sexuality and sensuality, and how things are from our point of view in a very specific kind of way.”

While Catrall was thrilled with the warm response generated by festival audiences, she also admitted a certain level of disappointment regarding the film’s distribution: “Here was a film that Sherry Lansing and Paramount saw and wanted to buy. The people who own Republic have a deal with Blockbuster, so there was no way they were going to give up the rights. The theatrical release was a week in L.A. and a week in San Francisco, and the reviews were just wonderful.”

“It was a frustrating ex-



NO TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA (l-r): Catrall, Kurt Russell & Sherry Fali. **R** Challenged by her role as “Ghosts Lane,” Catrall claims director John Carpenter (**L**) “taste more comfortable on the technical side than he does with actors.”

perience but it was also an eye-opening experience. They just wanted to make a fast buck in the video market and, with the actresses involved, they can certainly do that very easily.”

But the fact that **LIVE NUDE GIRLS** was actually produced as a non-exploitation film (its title notwithstanding), inundated with sterling talent at a bargain rate, has proven conciliatory.

“We all laughed,” Catrall smiled, “because it’s so rare to find something like that. People are making action flicks or monster flicks, comedies about guys getting laid. All of us, as actresses, have either been exposed to those films, done them, rejected them, or, at some point succumbed to some wheel of the Hollywood machine...and here is this little gem. That’s why it’s so won-

derful at the end of this film, when we all jump into the pool and we start laughing, because there was just a common ground there.”

“I don’t know many women who can relate to Sharen Stone and the kind of movies she does. I don’t know a lot of guys who relate to Tom Cruise’s movies because they’re on a kind of fantastic level. I like movies I can relate to. Yes, the situ-



ations can be exaggerated or heightened, but at least they touch me or affect me in a real way. That's what is so exciting about *LIVE NUDE GIRLS*. It's about women talking about things we're not supposed to talk about, at least not in films."

Did Catrall relate to James? "I think I relate to all of them," she replied. "There's not one character that I don't relate to. They're all about my age and I can relate to all the stories that are told. I love all of these characters."

Life soon imitated art. The cast developed their own makeshift group of communal support; each actress' birthday or film premiere is shared by her film confederates. It's a union that has defused the Jackie Collins mythos which fuels fantasies about competitive outflights. "There's such a delineation in films between the lead actress and the supporting actress," said Catrall. "This is a film about women helping each other because they're friends, not because one of the has a terminal illness or something."

"Our mothers didn't prepare us for what we have to go through on a daily basis. Being a career woman, and a mother and a wife and all that goes down with it, is not easy. It's an awesome responsibility to have a career, in a way that most of us want to have a career, because we're good at what we do. And we want to grow in what we do and our home and our community. It's a lot more to take on than I ever saw my mother take on. I think our legacy is doing it, showing it can be done and passing it on."

Catrall doesn't regret the coming-of-age, teen trifle of *PORKYS*, nor the adolescent pandering of her title role as a living *MANNEQUIN*. She was in her early 30s when these films introduced her to the public and, more significantly, Catrall's complexity as an actress—bened by her subsequent experiences—has

"People want to see tits and ass. But stronger films, with femmes fatales, have found a foothold in the independent industry, where women have more control."



"Things haven't changed that much. People still see stupid movies where women are treated as sex objects. But I'm not into that and I don't want to see it."

guaranteed professional longevity. Not unlike Jennifer Tilly, she affirms that "stronger" female roles are accessible only within independently produced films, while corporate Hollywood still leans on formulaic entertainment.

"I don't think things have changed that much," Catrall commented. "People still go to see stupid movies where women are treated as sex objects. That's fine if you want to see that, but I'm not into that and I don't want to go see it. I think the only

thing that can change is your view of it. I think people will always want to go see tits and ass. There have always been femmes fatales. That was going on in the '50s with film noir at the same time that Doris Day was being filmed through *Vaseline*.

"I think that those stronger films have found more of a foothold because of independent films coming through. The independent films are where women can have more control because the budgets are smaller; they

don't get paid as much as men do. I think that's part of it and the other part is I think there are more women executives than there have ever been. Men still get a lot more billing, a lot more money and a lot more opportunity. I read scripts constantly and it's mostly a man's story. The woman is usually wielding an ice pick or a gun or something like that. I see there is a difference but it's minimal.

Divorcing herself from Method acting, Catrall postulates, "You mostly play yourself in film because the camera is so close. I think to take on a big character and cover yourself up doesn't really service you in any way." Matter of fact, she draws upon her own imagination or personal life to fill-in a character traits that may have been vacated in the script. "That helps me to become part of that journey that I'm going through in front of the camera, or in front of an audience. I used to think you had to disappear into a character, but I find that puts a mask on what I do."

The actress, who recently turned 40, maintains a curvy physique as evinced by a couple of scenes in *LIVE NUDE GIRLS*. "I work out," Catrall grins. "I like to exercise and I've always been very athletic. I sit and I have a very disciplined workout regime. I play tennis, I run and I like to do the treadmill. I do very light weights. When I'm working, I work out on my days off or when I have a half day. When I'm not working, I try to do at least 20 minutes a day of exercise."

Declining to sit behind the camera, Catrall would prefer to expend her creative energy "as a writer. I write short stories for myself. I derive a lot of pleasure from writing. It may be in preparation for something down the line. But right now, it's just for me. I have no interest in being a director or screenwriter unless it's directing document-

tarious."

The busy actress has just wrapped a six-week gig in Zealand for **EVERY WOMAN'S DREAM**, a CBS thriller. Catrall was cast as one of two wives who are hitched to a psychotic bigamist (Jeff Fahey). Upon her return from the Southern Hemisphere, she flew to Canada for a role in David Winter's **EXCEPTION TO THE RULE**: "It's about a man who gets involved with this woman who becomes obsessed with him. It's sort of **FATAL ATTRACTION**, but much more of a psychological thriller than that. There's no boiled rabbits or anything. William Devane is in it. I play this woman he gets involved with. Sean Young plays his wife."

Picking-up my recorder, I hastily submit the final unresolved question. Four years ago, she afforded us only an "I can't talk about that" in regard to a rumor, something to do about Catrall actress stripping down to only her Vulcan ears for a provocative photo shoot on the **STAR TREK VI** set (supposedly, an irate Leonard Nimoy destroyed the evidence). This time around, she addressed my reprisal of the question with an even more abridged, "No comment." Heck, maybe I'll retire from writing and become the next Orson Welles. But, first, I have a score to settle with Crow T. Robot. □

STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY (R). Mind-melting w/ Spock (LeVaron Nimoy). D: Sill in uniform. W: Walter Koenig & William Shatner.







Schepewerth's "Gedoo-
tree" in *ANIMAL IN-
STINCTS* (1993) "It sold
very well. But I wanted
to do 'action' movies."

WENDY SCHUMACHER *ANIMAL INSTINCTS*

DROP DEAD GORGEOUS, OUR MADONNA
OF MAYHEM IS THE '90S ACTION HEROINE.

By AMELIA KINKADE



Schumacher is on top (in *SCORNEO II*) "sweet, young college student." She shot the shrewy sage (b) while simultaneously filming *FUGITIVE RAGE*: "I read both scripts and got into character. It was quite a challenge and lots of fun."



Make no mistake about it. Hollywood has renewed its love affair with femmes fatales. Posters, plastered all over town, are vending swells "black widows"; *THE LONG KISS GOOD NIGHT* (Gena Davis), *TWO DAYS IN THE VALLEY* (Teri Hatcher) and *BOUND* (Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon)—all within a single week. But the buzz in Tinseltown has pegged *BARB WIRE*'s commercial failure as the livin' end of rebellious, rootin'-totin' female avengers. Pamela Anderson, who portrayed the title role, speculated upon a more lucrative reception in overseas markets. But a cable from Mike Lesder, *FF* Asian correspondent, dismisses Pam's prophecy as idle optimism: "Even here in Hong Kong, a repository for action heroines, *BARB WIRE* was discharged from theatres after only a week. Very disappointing."

But one actress is determined to exhume the genre from its corporate hinding, even if she has to start from square one. Direct-to-video. I had the privilege of meeting this libertine, one Ms. Wendy Schumacher, at the VSDA convention in downtown L.A. Upon my arrival, I spotted her lustrous physique on not one but two movie posters within the A-Pix booth: *SCORNEO II*, a sequel to another Shannon Tweed defector, and *FUGITIVE RAGE*.

"Two films?" I asked as Wendy breathlessly introduces herself.

"I shot both of them, simultaneously, last February," she grinned. "I was just hoping it would work out because I'd never tried that before. I read the scripts and I got into character. I play a bad girl in one, and a young, sweet college student in the other. It was quite a challenge for me."

One of the movie posters rendered Wendy as a hit woman; aiming a gun, she was attired in a black lace bra that furtively camou-

44] used to be 50 pounds heavier, so playing sexy roles is kind of a personal triumph. The hardest part? People assume that if you have breasts, you don't have a brain. It's not true."

flagged her monumental breasts—thank of a slight smog concealing the Santa Monica mountains. The other poster offered Wendy as a seductress, clad in little more than a smoke screen, straddling some poor, hapless guy. "One minute I was playing that, then the next minute I was playing that," she explained while the tip of her finger traversed from one poster to the next.

"Wait a minute," I fumbled. "Which one is your innocent heroine?"

She pointed to the poster (illustrated with her unarmed temptress—the one who's occupying an upper berth on a salacious hammock ride. *That's the sweet college girl!*) Obviously one of those affluent Catholic school educations, I continued to prod: "You did a couple of days on one, then a couple of days on the other?"

"It just so happened that they were shooting at the same time," clarified Wendy. "I always wanted to make an action film. That's really the genre that I'd like to get into. I'm a martial artist. Actually, my husband and I own a chain of martial arts schools. He's my master—[giggles]—boy, I'll bet he'd love to hear that!"

"So *FUGITIVE RAGE* afforded you the opportunity to perform karate?"

"It's kung-fu, actually American kung-fu. I'm a 'disciple' of kung-fu which is the equivalent of a black belt. I also have extensive training with the sword set, the staff set and—of course—guns."

"How many years did it take to achieve this level?"

"Five. I lived on a karate school floor for two years, seven days a week. And for fun, I'd punch a speedbag. *FUGITIVE RAGE* is a really fast action film, and I want to move into that. I think we need a woman who can be feminine and do the art well—y'know, make contact and look like she can honestly do some damage, while retaining a feminine edge. So I'm really looking forward to getting in there



As "an Anglified LA FEMME NIKITA" in *FUGITIVE RAGE*: "Men love action films cast with pretty women. Females want to see a woman wielding power."

and tapping into that market. I want to prove women's roles, in this capacity, are commercially viable."

Both of her films were produced for the A-Pix label, not unlike Athena Massey, profiled in our previous issue, it appears the company is also grooming Wendy as a resident superstar. One catalyst for all the enthusiasm may be the sales generated by *ANIMAL INSTINCTS: THE SEDUCTRESS*, an erotic thriller that A-Pix released earlier this year.

Wendy played the title role "It did very well. They knew I wanted to do 'action' and the opportunity came up when they submitted *FUGITIVE RAGE*. It was a great role for me, and I loved the script. It's an Anglified LA FEMME NIKITA."

Would the risk reprising the role in a sequel? "Very much so. I think women want to see women being powerful. I think that men love action films that have pretty women in them. But I think women will enjoy

FUGITIVE RAGE as well, they want to see a woman taking power and being in control. It's always the man who's brandishing the gun and saying, 'Honey, you stand back. I'll take care of it.' In this movie, I'm the one saying, 'You stand back, honey. I'll take care of it.'

"I play an ex-cop, I did some terrible things to a sleazy character so I got kicked off the force. One of the mobsters killed my sister, but he buys the judge



and walks away. In the opening scene, I shoot him and I end up going to prison. I have to face the female convicts when I incriminated, and they're out to ice me. It's not a 'women-in-prison-film'; it only starts out that way. The government offers me a full pardon if I'll kill this Mafioso. After a couple of jailbirds try to kill me in the middle of the night, I consent to the deal. So then I have to go take these guys out—one by one."

Admitting an initial un-

certainly tackling two characters in concurrent productions—*FUGITIVE RAGE* and *SCORNED II*—Wendy shrugged, “I just looped one of them and I’ve seen footage from both films. I am very pleased with the way they turned out. But really, to be quite honest with you, I’d like to be a female Van Damme. I don’t think we’ve had a woman who’s really jumped into the ‘A’ market and done that consistently. Aside from

WENDY SCHUMACHER

“I want to be a female Van Damme. It’s always the man who’s brandishing the gun and saying, ‘Honey, you stand back. I’ll take care of it.’ In my movies, that dialogue belongs to me.”



“I’m a disciple of kung fu. I also have extensive training with the sword and, of course, guns. I lived on a kung fu school floor for two years.”

Sigourney Weaver and Linda Hamilton—who have played the only female parts where I would say, ‘I buy that, I believe these women are strong’—I haven’t been very impressed with what I’ve seen.

“As far as the credibility of the action, I think most films with female heroines look kind of ‘Hollywoody.’ I ended up doing four films in one year when I just came to town, so I think there’s a wide-open market. You have to decide upon your niche.”

I asked her that dreaded though inevitable question, “How do you sublimate your strength and personal convictions to the t&a scenes that are mandatory for low-budget thrillers?” Barely mincing a beat, Wendy acknowledged, “It’s a tough business. I used to be fifty pounds heavier. I was the gal who didn’t get the date in high school, so now that I’m being asked to play sexy roles it’s kind of a personal triumph for me. I remember when I was nineteen years

old; I was working as a nanny, eating ice cream out of the carton, watching Oprah Winfrey and dreaming of things like this. I never thought it would happen, but it has. The hardest part is that people assume that if you have breasts, you don’t have a brain—and that’s just not true.” Take it from me, she’s got plenty of both.

We agreed to a reunion, but not until I had the opportunity to scrutinize *FUGITIVE RAGE*. Wendy shipped me a screening

copy, which I reserved for viewing on the same evening that I was obligated to watch a stack of ‘96 Oscar nominees, all submitted by the Academy to promote their contenders. The first one was *TO WONG FU*, which was about as riveting as a bantam race. A couple of fast forwards later, I popped in the *SABRINA* remake which buried me into terminal insulin shock; within fifteen minutes, my teeth started to ache. As a last resort, I punched *FUGITIVE RAGE* into my VCR. Quite candidly, I was expecting a good actress in a lousy movie; however, the viewing experience sort of convulsed my original expectations. I saw a quintessential actress in a really good movie. First of all, Wendy photographs like a million bucks. But she’s no bimbo. A couple of generations ago, she would have been codified as a “cool blonde,” you know, film noir femmes—Lauren Bacall, Veronica Lake, Barbara Stanwyck. Wendy slyly underplays every scene; she’s nonchalant while fending off attackers, nonplussed as she empties a gun into a mobster’s chest. Sustaining an apathetic demeanor, Wendy resists a catty or tongue-in-cheek conceit; she slaughters with the disposition of a bored housewife swatting flies. Only one word aptly describes the characterization: scary.

To be succinct, Ms. Schumacher has lifted her action hero(ine) into a genre icon. Her fighting is flawless, and she’s so dexterous with firearms that one assumes a gun is among her appendages. But, unlike her male counterparts, Wendy merges a carnal presence with the carriage, while persistently clinging to some pretense of civility. Got the picture? She can act!—Wendy could dramatically eclipse a film sans the fireworks.

Other merits: production values that exceed the limitations of a B-film...Fred Olen Ray’s quick-clipped, pyrotechnical direction

...Shauna O'Brien, as a battered wife who's imprisoned for killing her husband, circumvents her decorative presence with a performance that survives even a chummy confession speech. And aside from a gratuitous topless scene where Wendy is strip searched, there's a refreshing lack of cheesiness (though the female penitentiary looks like the backstage of a beauty pageant. Lesbian heaven! I mean, it's the first time I've ever seen a prison warden sporting a leotard and halter jacket.) Most B-pix trivialize female characters by contriving plots as thin as miniskirts. Not here.

The reunion: Wendy sauntered into the bakery like a fresh-off-the-farm girl. Sans makeup, it appeared that an entire decade had been shaved-off her already tender years. But behind the virtuous facade, she can summon a lethal Lolita. Couple of hours earlier, she auditioned as a superhero for a TV pilot. Producers should home-in on her reinvention of "good/bad girl" prototype; they're bereft of political sanitation. Did I mention that Wendy is also a professional jazz dancer, choreographer and equestrian? Okay, so I sound like a cheerleader; then again, I don't know too many gorgeous girls who are honest-to-God black belts.

I nervously ask Wendy why she christened her fighting tactics as American kang-fu. "It's adapted to our needs in our society," she replies, "—like if you were walking down a dark alley in East L.A. and you felt you were in danger, it's a maiming art. It's not something you play around with. If I ever had to use it, I would have to be afraid for my life and I would probably just go into a zone... just like an animal."

On that note, instead of just hiding her adieu in the bakery, I asked Wendy to walk me to my car. □

She sultry psycho notwithstanding, Schulman insists, "We need a woman who can be feminine and do martial arts as well; y'know, make violence cool like she can do some damage, while retaining a feminine edge."



Kari Wuhrer Stephen King's Gypsy Conjuror

THE FORMER MTV-VJ PLUMPS UP HER ROLE IN "THINNER."

By Lawrence Teteusky

Preview audiences gauged THINNER, the film adaptation of Stephen King's novel, to be a bit lean on viscera. The movie's debut was postponed as additional "payoff" scenes were scripted for a post-production shoot. But Kari Wuhrer insists shooting was "very challenging, fun" and no more incident than a sunbathed meadow on a Norman Rockwell pastoral. Wuhrer appeared non-plussed, in spite of her travel venue, earlier this year, she had wrapped THINNER in the wilds of Camden, Maine and had just returned from the Sundance Film Festival. As we conversed, channel surfing afforded her some relaxation—until a quick flash to MTV's SANDBLAST, which Wuhrer hosted for one year, abruptly renewed memories of VJ-ing on Florida beaches. In a bathing suit. In the water.

"I had read Thinner when it first came out, about 10 years ago," Wuhrer said. "A lot of King's early novels can seem a little turner new than when you first read them—especially with film versions moving in the direction of, say, Quentin Tarantino. But I remember Thinner being really creepy. And the film



THINNER: Wuhrer with gypsy patriarch Michael Constantine & Terrence Kavanagh. "I think we did a great job by adhering to the book's loss of love and greed."

version sticks very closely to the book. Even though King wasn't around all that much for the actual filming, he could just hop into his car and drive down from Bangor for his scene. Producer Richard Rubinstein has worked with King before; Stephen really trusts him."

Wuhrer did have an opportunity to discuss her character, Gina Lensky, with King on the set, but her personal homework proved even more intriguing...

"A couple of people on the production set me up with two ex-NYPD detectives, who brought me down to Little Italy where there's a community of gypsies. They

have a storefront there, where they tell fortunes and read palms, and they live behind the storefront. I got special permission from the head of the family to record the women speaking—getting down their accents and attitudes. We spent a little time together, drank some scotch, and they ended up turning on the music. We started dancing to authentic gypsy music and had a big party—an matter what you do when you try to talk to these people it turns into a party. They're a very happy people.

"I went back a few times and kept talking to the women, learning where

their strengths come from and what kind of people they are. They're fascinating, and kinda scary. They took me for about \$500."

Wuhrer was cast as the great-granddaughter of a gypsy matriarch who's struck down by a careless driver, as an option to settling in court, the scowling gypsy nails her assent with a curse. "My character has a lot of violent energy and passion," enthused Wuhrer, "and she's a real spitfire who's great with a slingshot. The only downside to playing Gina was having to wear a really long brown wig. It was fun and glamorous, but turned out to be a pain in the ass, because of all the pins in my head. It was beautiful, but didn't give me much freedom!"

Armed with her investigative sleuthing, Wuhrer approached King for further counsel. "I asked him what kind of research he did for the story, and he replied 'he'd done none,'" she laughed. "He said that my interpretation was good enough for him. He was very giving and trusting, and encouraged me to go with it and just have some fun." Wuhrer characterized King as affably nerdy but absorbing. "He was very supportive. He didn't put limitations on anyone."



"King's early novels seem a little tamer than when you first read them, but I recall Thinner being creepy. The film sticks to his book."

Wuhrer carefully steered away from stereotyping. "I didn't want gypsies to come across as simply thieves and con artists, because they're not. Because they really trusted me, I think we did a pretty good job getting across the essence of the story, and the right tone of fear and greed from King's book."

Upon wrapping THINNER in November '95, Wuhrer was cast in BEYOND DESIRE with William Forsythe, and OCCASIONAL HELL with Tom Berenger and Valeria Golino. Though she loves comics and the fantastic—and would gladly work on the latest incarnation of STAR TREK—her current aim is to land a role on ER. "Everybody's always encouraging me to be more serious—but I'm sick of that!" □

L "My THINNER character, Gina, is a real spitfire who's great with a slingshot." **R** Wuhrer's research into gypsy mythology costs her \$50K.



STEFANIA STELL

THE "NAPOLEONIC MADONNA" RESUMES PRODUCTION OF HER

BY LINNEA QUIGLEY

Call it *deja-vu*. Over ten years ago, I was filming *TREASURE OF THE MOON GODDESS* in Mexico. The producers' investment abruptly dried up and everything ground to a halt. We resumed shooting, two years later, in the Philippines. To sample *real* shooting, I didn't have to go any further than my hotel window. *Supers!* Our reunion



Stefania Stella, a knockout in her native country, plays herself—"a well-known Italian singer"—in *FATAL FRAMES*. A serial killer begs her insight.

collided with a revolution.

Flash forward to 1993: Shooting a Grand Guignol thriller titled *FATAL FRAMES*, I soaked in the Italian scenery. Cast anchored Donald Pleasence (*HALLOWEEN*), Alida Valli (*SUSPIRIA*) and Angus Scrimm (*PHANTASM*). But, once again, cameras shut down; production was postponed—and wouldn't resume for another two years.

Flash forward to 1995. Upon my arrival in Rome, I learned my pick-up scenes

for *FATAL FRAMES* wouldn't be shot for another two days. So I opted for a little *r&r* at my favorite spa, Roman Sports Center. Nice place to visit, but the Italian dress code is strictly Banana Republic. And I quote this self-contradictory decree: "We strictly prohibit people dressing to look naked." Women who wanna plunge into the pool must cloister themselves in one-piece swimsuits; men, however, can strip down to Speedos.

Only 48 hours later, I encored as my role as Wendy Williams, parapsychologist. The plot involves ghosts, mutilations and a psycho known as the Videokiller. I'd be more specific, but I've been afforded only 650 words for this article.

During my earlier tenure in Rome, production of *FATAL FRAMES* was burdened with blunders. One casualty: the aforementioned Donald Pleasence played a professor in the original '93 footage. Unfor-

tunately, Mr. Pleasence didn't show up for the '95 shoot and it had nothing to do with a salary dispute; he died the previous year! Though his scenes will survive the release print, Pleasence's character had to be written out of the remainder of the movie.

The good news: Stefania Stella—who plays the film's *femme fatale*—policed the '95 shoot as a surrogate producer. Result: everything was as smooth as silk. Stella, a veteran of European films and TV (*GRAND HOTEL EXCELSIOR*, *DRIVE-IN*, *OTTOBRE ROSA*), radiates a raw, sexual energy. Men literally drop everything and stare at her. Stella's eyes are catlike, and she's so feinely nuclear that Greenpeace is keeping her under surveillance. She's revered as a movie bombshell in her native Italy, but Stella doesn't cruise on sex appeal. Fluent in foreign tongues (English, French, Spanish & Arabic), Stella is a race car driver. Fires-up a Formula 3; owns motorcycles and a Mercedes.

Anyway, Stefania Stella is cast in *FATAL FRAMES* as—well—Stefania Stella! See, the real-life Stella is kinda like a Napoleonic Madonna. She played an assassin and a sex symbol in a couple of musical videos, respectively titled *ALIBI* and *PENSAMIENTO ESTUPENDO*.

Her genre role cast Stella as "a well-known Italian singer who tries to become famous on the American market by shooting a video clip [aka musical video, MTV-style]." Too ironic for you?

She recorded a CD for *FATAL FRAMES* titled

A

STALKER SAGA.

Eternal City and performed the title song for her videoclip sequence during our '93 shoot. Steam, blue gels, the works; Stella bumps n' grinds on decorative locales like the Colosseum. Though these numbers were choreographed for the movie, her videoclip scenes have been edited into a promotional reel that's smokin' up the European airwaves.

Stella's already organizing another film. She'll star—and produce! Surprised? □



T. Linnex, Guilty, cast as a parapsychologist, supports the hotties. *Top right:* Stella performs *Damned City*, a musical sequence that's been turned into a promotional video. *Bottom:* Salty damage to LA DOLCE VITA.





FEAR: T. Witherspoon is seduced by Mark Wahlberg, who turns from stalker (R. Alayne Miller), silver eye-banned sex kitten, to supportive



REESE

THE CELEBRATED STAR OF A

BY DOUGLAS EBY

Fantasy film addicts, here's a woman to die for. Her conversation smoothly shifts from *Generation X* to *THE X-FILES*, furthermore, she played a plum role in this year's sleeper—a violent, revisional update of a very grim fairy tale. She's been pegged as "the next Winona Ryder," but Reese Witherspoon is certain to reject a ride on Ms. Ryder's coffin. As a seven-year-old, Witherspoon launched a career in commercials. By 1991, her visibility expanded from 60-second spots to supportive roles in critically-sanctioned films: debating in *WILD-FLOWER*, a TV project directed by Diane Keaton, she followed with *MAN IN THE MOON*, cast opposite Sam Waterstone as a tomboy who experiences the pangs of infatuation.

One year later, Witherspoon landed an NBC movie, *DESPERATE CHOICES*. But 1993 proved particularly lucrative, for openers, she was cast as a 12-year-old hippie in the cultish *JACK THE BEAR*, which offered Danny DeVito as a 1970's John Zacherle. Disney's *A FAR OFF PLACE* invited Witherspoon to play the central character, who embarks on a voyage of self discovery across Africa's Kalahari Desert, in preparation for the role, she was tutored by a Matsigenke tribe and learned the Bushman dialect. Then there was the stagebrush sequel that turned her off to TV (more later).

She ascribes her enroll-

ment, within an all-girls high school, as a life affirming anchor: "These are such formative years, and it's really hard to know who you are if you're too caught up with your makeup or hair-do. And it's a great basis of strength to have all these close friends from high school. I still know everybody—that's over 85 women—and where they went. We didn't need to be vicious and backbiting, because there was nothing to fight for."

Regarding her affection for sci-fi entertainment, Witherspoon volunteered she's "really into the *ALIEN* series, I'm so excited about the fourth one [previewed in *FF* 6-6]. And I like *THE X-FILES* a lot, I think it's really well-written and interesting—and based on true stories, which is kind of cool."

FEAR, her summer '96 release, was uncharitably earmarked by columnists as "a stalker" movie. Nevertheless, the script appealed to Witherspoon because "a lot of girls are dealing with the kind of abusive, violent, scary relationships that are presented in the film. I thought it was a really timely piece, addressing an issue that's not really popular in American cinema." She accentuates that the mainstream media refuses to communicate with the under-30 bracket: "There's a lot of it that's not reality-based. There's a whole bunch of crap that has nothing to do with my generation—and I speak of my generation as the 18 to 24 range—and it's different than the so-called Gen-X generation that people have

WITHERSPOON

VIOLENT, GRIM FAIRY TALE CELEBRATES "WOMEN OF SCI-FI."

been describing

"I thought one of the really good examples of teenage reality was the TV series, *MY 80-CALLED LIFE*. But you see so much of this crap on MTV, and people see all this stuff, including people from foreign countries, they must think kids in America are subhuman. And it's not true, there are so many more interesting things going on. I go to Stanford, and kids are really interested in lots of things—art, classical music, all sorts of things people wouldn't think my generation is into. My major is English literature, and I write a lot. Nothing published yet."

College and casting have turned into a juggling act: "While I'm in school, I go to L.A. every weekend and audition. I take quarters off, when I need to, to go make a film. They're really understanding about my lifestyle."

Though denied a p.r. blitz, *FREEWAY*—not unlike *HEATHERS* and *RESERVOIR DOGS*—is trendily turning into a critical catchword. Released earlier this year, the sleeper is described by Witherspoon as "the Oliver Stone-produced film I did with Kiefer Sutherland. It's sort of a tongue-in-cheek horror movie, a retelling of the Little Red Riding Hood story but in modern times. My Little Red. It's a black comedy in the sense that it's sort of mocking how horrible childhood has become for American children."

"In this instance, my character's mother [Amanda Plummer] is a prostitute and her father is a drug addict. They both go to jail,



Witherspoon and Mark Wahlberg, *Intuition* takes to *FEAR*. "A lot of girls are dealing with these abusive, scary relationships. I thought it was a timely piece."

and she has to go find her grandmother because that's her only relative. So she gets on the road and all these terrible things happen to her. She meets up with the 'big bad wolf,' which is Sutherland, and he ends up trying to molest her. She shoots him 17 times in the head, but he doesn't die—because it's a movie. He's just horribly disfigured. It's very violent and very Technicolor and bright, evil and cool."

San Francisco Chronicle reviewer Mick LaSalle rhapsodized, "Reese Witherspoon, who made a nice little impression in *FEAR*, is an on-fire revelation in *FREEWAY*. Affecting a shrill Texas accent, she is dazzling...utterly believable in one extreme situation after the other."

Both of her '96 films match young women with weaponry, but Witherspoon contrasts the dramatic differences, stressing she has metamorphosed from victim

to vindicator: "In *FEAR*, I was playing someone who was being abused. It was more of a reality-based situation, it's like how somebody really has to deal with things. It's hard, you do make mistakes, and people do get involved in these relationships that you can't get out of. But *FREEWAY* was a good thing for me to do right after *FEAR* because, for the first 20 minutes of the movie, you think this girl's going to be a victim. Then, all of a sudden, she starts kicking everybody's ass and I thought that was a great statement for young women. It's like, 'Don't take it!—don't be the victim anymore!'"

"It really showed you how this character—she's tiny and everyone thinks 'Oh, what a cute little girl!'—is actually like a cat underneath, she's going to scratch your eyeballs out. I think that it's a great statement to put out there and let kids see. 'You don't have to take

all this shit."

But, bottom line, doesn't the image of a gun-toting female telegraph the same unenviable, uncompromising message as a Rambo or Dirty Harry? "I think there is a bit of a difference. Obviously it's a role and not reality. Women enjoy playing those roles because I believe, that it's not intrinsic in a woman's nature to be violent. I just feel it's more of a masculine trait, and there's something interesting about taking on that kind of role. But I don't think it has as much appeal to women in a reality situation; if you asked any of those actresses if they own a gun, I bet they'd say 'No.'"

"The joy we get as actors is out of transforming ourselves into something that's not true to ourselves. If somebody has a naturally violent tendency, I think they can be influenced no matter what happens. It's a power—not being yourself, losing yourself in a role, is a power, it's just like another prep."

Speaking of prep, we drifted to some *FEAR* outtakes: "At the end of the film, I stake my assailant through his heart. It was horrible because I'm not a violent person, I kept on messing up, and didn't get the stake in the right place. By the end of the day, he had these little peck marks where I was constantly stabbing him."

Though *FEAR* was Witherspoon's first horror thriller, she admits, "I usually don't do movies like this. I don't necessarily want to do another film like it, but I like the trend of women in sci-fi—like

continued on page 90

Vivian Schilling

DOES RIO DE JANEIRO

ACTRESS/AUTHOR PROBES SORCERY, LIFE, AFTERLIFE & RIO'S HUNGER FOR U.S. B-PIX.

BY VIVIAN SCHILLING

This past June, I received a late-night message from South America inviting me to the Comic Mania Convention in Rio de Janeiro. In search of someone who could represent independent filmmaking in the burgeoning market of Brazil, John Calvet had contacted your faithful editor, Bill George, who had graciously suggested me for the job. Needless to say, I was thrilled at the invitation, but—after some excited yelps—I assessed the situation before answering. While I had travelled many times on my own to distant countries, I had never ventured to South America. As far as I was concerned, it remained a vast unexplored terrain where headhunters thrived, and tourists could be greeted with anything from an INDIAN JONES-type welcome—marinated monkey brains and a din-



"I've played lesbian roles on film, including *GIRL MANE*. But I find photo sessions to be somewhat."

ner of snakes—to yellow fever, dysentery or death by tribal mutilation. After several minutes of considering such terrifying possibilities, I came to the conclusion that South America was just my kind of place.

With my trusty pepper spray, sunscreen and bottled water in hand, I landed in Rio. My interpreter and guide, Claudia, was waiting

for me at the airport to whisk me off in her tiny car to Flamengo Beach, where I would be staying. Within minutes, I got my first lesson about Rio: take nothing—that means absolutely nothing—for granted. While still at the airport, I discovered that "push" means "pull" and that "stop" means only if you feel like it—and Claudia rarely felt like it. After a white-knuckle ride through the twisting, turning streets of the city, Claudia's car came to a screeching halt in front of the Nove Mundo Hotel.

The feast came that night in the guise of a "barbecue" or "churrascaria." Sounds American enough, right? Thank again. Barbecue isn't "barbecue" in the traditional sense that Americans would expect, but a glutinous feast of every edible meat one can imagine. Preceded by a continuous line of white-coated chefs, the skewered meat is carried straight from the

"I was shooting a film with Marlene Dietrich. He told me that I had great genes. I didn't know that 'genes' is slang for legs! I'm not shy about my body, but posing for 'wet life' is difficult because it's the opposite of acting."

"Like our New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro is a city built on the edge of the wild—it's filled with superstition, voodoo and a sobering regard for the supernatural."



grill to your table, where it is cut to your liking. For what seemed like hours, I stuffed myself on sumptuous, delectable treats that I dare not try to identify, while Claudia and I made a loco itinerary—a wish list of the places I would like to see. The list was long with two absolutes—the rain forest and the cemetery.

My desire to visit the rain forest was not only prompted by the breathtaking photos I had admired even as a child, but by the notion that one should face one's fears head-on (no pun intended). If

there were head-hunters to be found, then far be it from me to miss out on a meeting.

As far as my wish to visit the cemetery—well, the current novel I'm writing deals a lot with the issue of mortality. My main character is stalked by a mysterious figure, when she soon discovers that the key to survival lay within the vast array of ancient beliefs and practices related to death. Not only could the noted cemetery offer new insight into my work, but perhaps I would learn more about the people of Brazil in the process.

In my research, I have discovered that you can learn a lot about one's culture from how they treat their dead. After all, anthropologists sometimes base entire theories of civilization on a culture's funerary practices. After explaining this to Claudia, she reluctantly agreed but demanded that I first see the more traditional sites.

In the following few days, during the time I had not slated for television or newspaper interviews, Claudia and I explored the city and its surroundings. At night, we gorged ourselves on quail eggs, chicken hearts, exotic drinks and dance; in the light of day, we visited the sites and drank the local Guarana that could put a frisky spring into any sleepy stride.

While dining out, I learned that "service" had nothing to do with waiters' protocol, but a full range of appetizers that automatically come with every meal—unless you're smart enough to request otherwise. And it wasn't until years truly "peppered" a plateful of toothpicks onto my food,



that I discovered—trust me—there's NO black pepper in Rio. No shortage of toothpicks, though. But the most valuable lesson of all came one night as I brought a blush to the water's face; I requested a dinner roll. It was then that I learned the subtle difference, in pronunciation, between "bread" and a certain male body part!

With so much to learn and enjoy, the first couple of days flashed by in a blink of an eye. I found that, like our own New Orleans, Rio de Janeiro is a city built on the edge of the wild—a city filled with superstition, voodoo and a sobering regard for the supernatural.

At the festive open-air market, where goods from neighboring villages are sold, I got a sense of the surrounding society. Amazonians, with their tooth-adorned flutes and bamboo pipes, were a striking contrast to the more civilized Cariocas. Strange instruments hung beneath grass coverings, while exotic music was performed by barefoot, dancing natives.

When we left the city and ventured out into the rain forest, I caught an even closer glimpse of the wild that has so keenly formed the culture's intrigue. While tramping through the quiet lush greenery we stumbled upon a waterfall...

And while the waterfall was magnificent, my attention was immediately drawn to a small shrine that burned beneath it. It was an offering of black mague that someone had left burning in the midst of the underbrush. It was replete with a bowl of dead chicken parts, rice and manioc flour surrounded by small white candles that had nearly burnt to the ground. Visions of my head dangling from the nearest bamboo stalk flashed through my mind, but Claudia quickly reassured me that no savage tribes thrived in the local mountains. The offered candle was in the shape of a house; the appeal would be limited to earthly

"The public is very familiar with actresses profiled in FF, but are denied access to their independent films. Major studios maintain a monopoly of theatres."



"Sugar Loaf Mountain, nestled on Flamengo Beach. Rio is very lively. Men are very flirtatious, though this sort of openness isn't ingrained but traditional."

goods. Human sacrifice wasn't on the menu.

My third night was spent on Copacabana Beach watching KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN on a giant screen. Joe Bob Briggs would be proud, the drive-in fies in Rio, only one doesn't enter by car—the customers walk barefoot through the sand and sprawl out on the beach. With our beer, snacks and plenty of towels, we camped out beneath the stars and watched the film unfold in Portuguese. I gazed up at the dark heavens and said a prayer of thanks—then a slight rush of trepidation shivered over me. Had I too many beers or were the North Star and Big Dipper conspicuously missing? I suddenly realized that I was south of the Equator, within the Southern Hemisphere, where a

new galaxy of stars graced the sky.

On the fourth day of my stay, it was time to make my first appearance at the convention. The event was held in the least likely of places—an old castle on Flamengo Beach. Upon arrival, I was immediately led to the tower, where my first conference would convene. I soon found myself before a crowded room of questioning faces; the silence that stretched between us was deafening. As nervous as I was to be before a group of strangers who didn't speak English, I knew they too felt equally daunted. As the audience closely watched me with their beautiful brown eyes and sun-kissed skin, I suddenly felt like an alien—pale and wide-eyed—that had dropped from another galaxy. But with Claudia as

my link, it was only a matter of minutes before we transcended the language barrier. Opening up with a discourse on THE FLY, the '58 original, struck a mutual chord. The friendship began.

In a flurry of Portuguese, they wanted to know as much as they could about independent filmmaking in the United States. With surprisingly limited access to our medium, the populace is enlightened to independently-produced movies—and actresses associated with the industry—via the import of U.S. magazines. *Femina* *Fantasies* is, without a doubt, the leading source of information.

Oddly enough, the public was familiar with the actresses who have been profiled in the magazine, even though they rarely had the opportunity to view their films. The major studios maintain their monopoly of theaters, leaving little room for independent entertainment. The complaints I heard were surprisingly the same ones that I've lately harbored. They're tired of big-budget Hollywood films, filled with lush special effects and no plot. My appearance at the convention, along with the media coverage that it evoked, was all part of a plan by my host, John Calvet, to open up the B-movie market in Brazil. The convention engaged a couple of my films—FUTURE SHOCK and SOUL-TAKER—and many of the attendees were interested in how to make independent films, and asked me how they could organize an entrepreneurial unit.

With as much to discuss, the next three and a half hours whizzed by so quickly that I was startled to see that the sun had gone down. It was time to go home. As I slowly wound back through the drifty rooms toward the front entrance, I was surprised to find that while access to independent American films was limited, U.S. comic books—like Sandman, X-Men, Brinks of Eternity—

had abounded. In spite of the thousands of miles between us, our cultures were finding a common ground through entertainment.

After five short days, my trip came to an end—my life in Los Angeles was insistent on my return. Not only did I have another booksigning for the paperback release of *Sacred Prey*, but I was scheduled for an ADR session the following morning for the WWII film I shot in Poland. My stay at Rio had been brief, but I left with a sense that I had truly felt the heart of the city.

We finally made it to the cemetery and while offering new insights to my research, it also confirmed what I had suspected about Brazil's culture. I've been in burial grounds as diverse as the catacombs in Austria, the Jewish Cemetery in Prague and Mt. Auburn in Boston, but I must say that St. John's de Batista in Rio is by far the most mesmerizing I have ever seen. With gleaming, graceful angels reaching upwards into the skies and falling softly into the bone-ridden earth there is an understanding and a profound respect for the afterlife, a communion between life and death that hoods into Rio's rituals and comes to life during the Carnival.

But one need not enter the stone gates of the nearly departed to get a real sense of this mysterious, inconstant land. One need only travel to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain and experience the bats flying out of the misty clouds to feel Brazil's breath. It's a land where black and white walk hand in hand, and meetings are sealed with two kisses and a smile...where "push" means "pull" and pizza is never served without ketchup and mustard...where chicken and quail are rarely found, yet their hearts and eggs are plentiful...a place far, far away, where their summer is our winter and their winter is our paradise. □



"This is the first time I've posed in something so revealing. Landing in Rio, I was so taken to the culture—what with my pale complexion and red hair, I eventually worked in sync with the freedom that's prevalent on the beaches."

HEAD 0

FULL MOON'S REVISIONARY

BY CRAIG REID

Call it a myth, but strange things have been attributed to the diaphanous flush of a full moon. The ocean violently churns, men regress to savagery, women turn irrepressibly carnal. So what do you supposed happened when Full Moon Entertainment, purveyors of fantasy exploitation, focused its beams on *Humpy Dumpty*?

zetic, kinky Grand Guignol revue of black comedy. The principal characters: a sebbish mad scientist and a beautiful college debutante, both competing for the latter's boyfriend/intern. Their mutual nemesis is a nutty professor who transports his disembodied head in a howling bag. The film's notoriety partially merits on the concluding "head" scene between the lovely co-ed and the prof's severed noggin.

Eleven years later, Full Moon has reintroduced a disembodied head—this time, almost larger-than-life and bungy for world domination—in a live-action **PINKY AND THE BRAIN** tryst directed by Robert Talbert. **HEAD OF THE FAMILY** fades-in with pseudo-Tennessee Williams exposition, Southern accents. Hot, humid summer. A con man named Lance covets Loretta, the abused wife of his flimflamman' sibling. A couple of sex scenes later, Lance spies on the Stackpool clan, mentally challenged Otis, yoke-eyed Wheeler and mute, besommy Ernestine are controlled by their telepathic brother Myron Stackpool, whose colossal cranium is exceeded only by his ego. The smalltown eccentrics abduct human guinea pigs for ritualized experiments.

Lance strikes a deal with Myron to lobotomize his brother, thus certifying Loretta's status as a single woman. But a blackmailing scheme goes awry when Lance tries to extort money from Myron as a pact of silence.

HEAD OF THE FAMILY affords Jacqueline Lovell, who appeared in *Surren-*



An acquiescent Loretta, Jacqueline Lovell, while her comic panache is a nude, galvanizing Jean of Arc scene

The result was not a "great fall" but a renaissance; Full Moon's horrific flur coagulated with the sensuous, s-f streak of subsidiary company, Surrender Cinema. The result is an sunny side up, softboiled **HEAD OF THE FAMILY**.

Back in 1985, under the stylishly baroque direction of Stuart Gordon, Full Moon's **RE-ANIMATOR** was transformed from a boary Menogram quackie into a ki-



OF THE FAMILY

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" FABLE, SPICED WITH SEX & VIOLENCE.

der's FEMALIEN, the opportunity to prove that she's the most deftly comic B-Queen since Michelle Bauer.

"Well, first, I read over everything about Loretta and tried to imagine living in this little hick town—like marrying this guy just because he has a motorcycle," explained Lovell. "Plus, her husband was abusive so I tried to feel what this character's day-to-day life would be like. Next, I had to develop a Southern accent. For that, I called my girlfriend's mother, who lives in this hick town in the middle of nowhere. I learned her speech patterns and her rhythm of speaking. I wanted to make it as natural as possible by avoiding exaggeration or a caricature of a Southern accent."

Lovell's mode, electrically charged recitation of Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Arc* is a perverse tour de force, and her seduction of the haloed head, whose serpentine tongue samples her mammalian delicacies, is an exercise in—ahem—"good" taste. But, secondary to Lovell, the scene-stealer is Mark Rappaport, "head" of Creature FX Company (TREMORS, STAR TREK IV, BATMAN FOREVER, Full Moon's PUPPET MASTER series). "As I'm sure you know, these films are very tightly budgeted," noted Rappaport, "—but one way that [Full Moon president] Charlie Band can attract anyone with quality is not by the money but when we get the projects, we design our own work."

"For HEAD OF THE FAMILY, the main sculpture for that large head was done by Len Borge. We got



Y. Denise Colozzo as Ernestine, the feisty decoy. B. J.W. Perry is the "brain" behind his dysfunctional Blackpool brood (Colozzo, James Jones and Bob Schott).



Charlie's design, and we said that we could come up with something that we thought could be a lot more fun. We had some great guys working on this project like Robert Müller, Michael Shilton, Russell Herrich and Jeff Porter.

"Charlie, Len and I eventually got something that I think was really good. Len then came up with a half-scale, exact duplicate of the large head. The large head was about four feet high. To work the head shots into the film, we used a technique known as forced perspective [blending foreground and background objects within the same plane, rendering the illusory appearance of "big" and "small"].

"For the close-ups of the head, it was done with prosthetics that took three hours to put onto the actor. His forehead was basically three times his normal size, making the face overall about three sizes larger than true life. And, of course, the long licking tongue was also just a prosthetic."

Is HEAD OF THE FAMILY another RE-ANIMATOR? No. Stuart Gordon's film, a burlesque of exploitation, turned excess into an intoxicant. HEAD, though equally fetishistic, plays as a sophisticated Fox-TV movie that's too inoperative for prime time. But it's bloody more entertaining than Ted Turner's TV turkeys, and more punitively rewarding than the surfeit of softcore swamping cable. IF HEAD is half baked, at least it's a welcome prognosis that Full Moon is refining their mix of epicurean erotica and gallows humor. □

THE STARLET TIME FORGOT

**SINGIN' THE BLUES OVER A BRIEF TENURE AS A HAMMER
HORROR HEROINE—AND A PUBLIC THAT OGLED HER CHEST.**

BY TIM GREAVES

It wouldn't be too unfair to say that *THE LOST CONTINENT* is one of Hammer Films' less revered films. A rather pedestrian adventure yarn, shot in the mid-'60s by Michael Carreras, it has really only two images worthy of attention. Image #1: One of the most lame rubber-son monsters in the history of British cinema. Image #2: The film's most distinctly memorable presence is Dana Gillespie, a buxom, young actress debuting in her first major role.

Dana Richards Antonette de Winterstein Gillespie, a native of Surrey, England, was born in 1949. By the time she turned sixteen, Gillespie was introduced to film audiences via her minor role in *SECRETS OF A WINDMILL GIRL* (1965). "How dreadful that you should know that!" she exclaims when I mention the film's title.

Based around a rude revue show at London's famous Windmill Theatre, the thin plot involved a detective investigating the death of a dancer Gillespie—one of the few female participants to retain her clothing—appeared briefly during a party sequence. "The song I sang in *SECRETS OF A WINDMILL GIRL* was my first song. I remember the publisher, a man called Hal Schaffer—he's probably dead now, he seemed ancient to me then when I was 16—he gave me a flat fee of £25. Nowadays I would never ever do that, I would stick with the royalties.



Dana Gillespie, 1960: she made the transition from adult starlet to blues singer and musical theatre actress

"These days, girls have hits sometimes when they're 16 or 17 but back then, if you were 16, you were normally like a Hayley Mills child star."

Brief as Gillespie's screen-time may have been, she caught the eye of Hammer bigwig Michael Carreras. "Before I did *THE LOST CONTINENT*, he asked me to do a day's filming on *THE VENGEANCE OF SHE*," Gillespie recalls. Ah yes, *THE VENGEANCE OF SHE*. Directed by Cliff Owen, it's one

of Hammer's more denigrated movie projects. Uncredited, Gillespie appears during early scenes draped across the shoulder of a very drunk Colin Blakely. Looking back, she's pretty much dismissive of her part in the film: "You literally mustn't blink. It's one of those. But from that I got the part in *THE LOST CONTINENT*."

Gillespie was cast in the 1967 Hammer film as Sarah, an escapee from a colony that's presided over by descendants of the Spanish Inquisition. "They wanted somebody 'big,'" she laughs. "At that time, I was British Junior Waterskiing Champion and [the film] involved that sort of thing: walking across the lake on pizzas with balloons over my shoulders. Anyway, they'd said, 'Do this day's filming on *VENGEANCE OF SHE* with Olinda Berova,' and from that they gave me a proper screen test to do. And then they said, 'The [*LOST CONTINENT*] part is yours.'"

It was an extremely exciting experience for Gillespie, so young and new to movies, to find herself working alongside such luminaries as Eric Porter and Nigel Stock. "Yes, it was. By that time, I think I was just 17. If you don't know anything about film, and you suddenly land a film part, you've got to know where the camera is. You know, silly little things that, when you get older, become second nature. So I had no idea what I was doing. Nobody really helped me. I put on my piece of chamois-leather costume and got on



Gilmore's cleavage
prevented THE PEOPLE
THAT TIME FORGOT. "It
doesn't annoy me, it
certainly doesn't bother
me. But, you know, if
you're born with a per-
fecter shape, you are
judged on how you
look. It's a nuisance."



Gillespie & Patrick Wayne in *PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT*. The 1977 film was shot on location at Santa Cruz de la Palanca and England's Pinewood Studios.

with it.

"It was good for me to have done, though. I remember Hildegard Knef had to break down in tears and, at that age, I didn't really know much about acting. I saw her having to do a scene—over and over again—bringing tears to her eyes, and I was quite moved. She did it very well. But [Joan] was at 16 or 17, what did I know? I only knew how to squeeze into my costume."

But other recollections of *THE LOST CONTINENT* are not as euphoric. "There was a terrible accident," she recalls. "It was when the Spanish galleon explodes; the special effects men did it with something called Phosphor B, which burns but it doesn't go out. The last people were escaping on a raft and this thing explodes over them, and it's meant to land at one end of the lake. But it landed over our raft! One bit landed right in front of me and it burned its way through the raft. I can re-

member just looking at it, it's just extraordinary stuff—it doesn't stop burning. Anyway, some landed on the back of one of the other girls in the film—a black girl called Sylvana Henriques who was a sort of starlet in those days—and she got really badly burned. It just kept burning away at her flesh. Because everyone had to be acting and screaming, we all thought it was part of the scene."

During this period, Gillespie was also nurturing the embryonic stage of a love affair—with music. Film and television work have always played second-fiddle to her passion for the blues. She became smitten with the musical mode at the age of 13 after attending a Muddy Waters performance. Later organizing her own band, Gillespie toured the world, her globetrotting routines have continued to this day. The devotion to her music has reaped rich rewards; she's shared the bill with legends like Chuck Berry and Bo Didd-

DANA GILLESPIE

"They always seemed to give me the chamois-leather bits that Raquel Welch discarded from 1 MILLION YEARS, B.C. If you play a native girl, it's either bits of fur or bits of suede leather."

dley, and even spent time hosting blues radio shows in New York and Vienna.

"I'm really much better known now as a singer," says Gillespie. "In England, record sales—not just mine, but anybody's—aren't particularly wonderful. As I sing the blues, I tend to be out on tour anywhere but England." Britain's appalling lack of musical taste may be traced to Gillespie's early '80s number, *Move Your Body Close To Me*; the song climbed to Number #1 in Europe, yet shamefully wasn't even released in the United Kingdom.

Tallying upwards of 20 albums to her credit, Gillespie was once quoted in the tabloid press with the following hot act. "When I sing with my band, my act has heavy sexual overtones." Sample the myriad of risqué titles she's recorded—*Three Hundred Pounds of Joy*, *Get My Rocks Off*, et al—and you realize the one thing Gillespie can't be accused of is sensationalist overstatement.

One of her earliest al-

bums was a collaborative work with Rick Wakeman and David Bowie. "At that time, [Bowie's] manager was my manager. I've known him since I was 14. All the biographies say it, he used to walk me home from school and carry my bags. He taught me to play my first-ever chords on the guitar. He taught me how to do the chords of *Love Is Strange* in 1963/64. When I first went on *READY, STEADY, GO!*, I did *Love Is Strange*, literally with the only two chords that David had taught me, that's all I could do. So there I was, strumming my guitar, hoping nobody would notice I didn't really know how to play."

Gillespie's next big screen appearance didn't come about until 1974, when writer/director Ken Russell cast her in his extravagant, musical biopic *MAHLER*. She played opera singer Anna von Mildenberg, the mistress of the Jewish composer (a fine turn by Robert Powell). Applying her writing talents, Gillespie also

Patrick Wayne, Doug McClure & Gillespie in *PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT*. McClure reprised his role as "Soren Tyler" from *LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.



penned some of the music for MAHLER, which led to a spate of similar work on a profusion of Italian films.

But the role that every red-blooded male has enshrined within his gray matter is Gillespie's native girl, Ajor, in Kevin Connolly's creature feature, **THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT** (1977). "That was a fabulous film!" she enthuses.

Boasting a cast that included Sarah Douglas, Doug McClure and Patrick Wayne (son of "The Duke"), the most exhilarating moments in **PEOPLE**—not unlike **THE LOST CONTINENT**—occur when Gillespie appears in a skimpy costume that struggles to restrain its succulent cargo.

Ever modest, Gillespie breaks into a huge smile when I cite her as the film's critical draw—at the notion that she's one of the most memorable things about the film—"Well, it's mainly because they always seemed to give me the chamois-leather bits that Raquel Welch had discarded [from **ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.**]. My costumes were actually much bigger than hers, she's got the right shape for a bikini which I clearly haven't, really. But if you play a native girl, there's only one sort of costume you can be put into: it's either bits of fur or bits of suede leather."

How true. Thespian talent drops to the level of irrelevance whenever Gillespie strides into focus. All eyes are rigidly locked on—let's be honest here—her chest. So how does she react to her endowments serving as the—ahem—center of attention? Gillespie ponders the question for a moment. "It doesn't annoy me. It certainly doesn't flatter me. It might annoy me if anything. I do remember when **THE LOST CONTINENT** first came out, I went to the premiere. But I thought I'd go and see the film again set of anonymously in the local ABC in the Fulham Road. And I went in and sat up the back to watch it and, the moment when I come on with



Gillespie in **THE LOST CONTINENT** (1968): "I was just 17. I put on my piece of chamois-leather costume and got on with it."

these halloons on my shoulders, the whole audience fell about with laughter. Then I realized there's no point ever being taken seriously in the film world. But you know, if you're born with a particular shape, you're judged on how you look. It's a nuisance, and that's why I've always preferred music for my profession—because it really doesn't matter what color or shape or size you are."

Nevertheless, it's a great pity that Hammer never

again hired that heavenly body, denying her the opportunity to play a more deserving role. "Yeah, I got in at the end," Gillespie laments. "If I had been Ingrid Pitt or if I had got in earlier—or been a little bit older like some of the other girls were—I could have done the vampire bit or the other type of Hammer Films, rather than just the native girl."

The same year that **THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FOR-**

GOT was released, Gillespie appeared alongside a stellar cast of British comedians in Paul Morrissey's send-up of **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES**. Considering the caliber of talent (e.g. Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Terry Thomas, Kenneth Williams, Roy Kinnear), it was something of a surprise that the spoof turned out to be a very dismal affair. One reviewer dismissed the results in a single caustic breath: "A pointless, pitiful,

vulgar spoof of an enjoyable original." Unfortunately, the film offers minimal compensation to counteract its negative reviews.

Television played a large part in Gillespie's life during the late 1970s, and she has continued to sporadically appear on British screens. She's been in cop shows (e.g. HAZEL and THE BILL), comedies such as the immensely popular LITTLE AND LARGE SHOW, and has even hosted a season of the variety show, SEASIDE SPECIAL ("They wanted somebody who spoke several languages, it was being done from France").

Never one to be caught slacking—betwixt film, television and recording work—Gillespie found time to carve out a respectable niche for herself in theatre, treading the boards in such celebrated musicals as CATCH MY SOUL, TOMMY, and MARDI GRAS, she also portrayed Mary Magdalene in JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR.

Gillespie's most vivid memory of her subsequent film, Nic Roeg's BAD TIMING (1980), is passing most of her brief time on the set in bed with Art Garfunkel. "He was terribly nervous and it's the first time I had to do a bed scene," she says.

"That was quite interesting because one didn't know what to do with oneself. I was introduced to him and then, half an hour later, you've actually got to be horizontal. So I just said we'd better break the ice, so I just flung my arms 'round his neck and we carried on talking—although we'd just been introduced—and I kept my body pressed against his for half an hour so that he got used to the feel of me. And then, actually in the filming, I did keep my cowboy boots on and some purple Janet Remer knickers. And that's all I had on in the bed."

And Garfunkel was paid for this? She laughs broadly. "The first kiss was very pleasant, I thought, 'Ooh, this is going to be fun' and then by the third kiss I

DANA GILLESPIE

"I'm in a business where we're judged by what's skin deep. I don't judge men like that. I'd prefer a 1-legged humpback, with a decent heart, over someone who's forever looking in the mirror."



McClure and Gillespie/PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT: "My costumes were bigger than Raquel Welch's. She's got the right shape for a bikini, which I haven't."

thought, 'This is getting boring.' By the 20th kiss, my chin was raw because he'd already started to get a five o'clock shadow and everyone had wilted, and any decent makeup I had at the beginning of the day was straight out the window and gone."

BAD TIMING is an emotionally exhausting and ul-

timately depressing account of an American divorcee (Theresa Russell) and her affair with a psychoanalyst (Garfunkel). It was met with mixed critical reaction and Gillespie can probably be thankful that her part in it was relatively minor.

She was back for a far more substantial screen role

in SCRUBBERS (1982), this time as a prison warden at a girl's borstal. The director was her friend Mai Zetterling, with whom Gillespie worked many times, including the stage production PLAYTHINGS and a TV play with Denholm Elliott and Rita Tushingham entitled SUNDAY PURSUIT.

Her last film appearance to date was in David Hare's STRAPLESS (1988), a "definitely handled, well acted" drama about a dangerous liaison. Blair Brown and Bridget Fonda were the togged players.

Personal pastimes are as diverse as her media experience: water-skiing, gymnastics, equestrianism and snooker. "I don't really do snooker any more," Gillespie smiles. "I've now realized I don't have a eye for the ball. Twenty five years ago, snooker was not as publicized it is now, POT BLACK hadn't even been on the television. It was rather a cool thing to be in to then, to be one of the lads. I've always seen myself as one of the lads when I go on tour. Gymnastics? Well I still dance an hour and a half every day, except Sunday. And I was British Waterskiing Champion for four years. And then the snow-ski team—but then I was caught in a really bad avalanche and it damaged my cartilage, so I now have to be careful. And I still ride horses." Gillespie grins, adopting an upper-crust accent: "The sport for English girls."

Any regrets? "No, there's nothing I regret doing. There are a few things that I regret other people didn't do, namely, being able to see beyond the visual in my case. It's always been odd for me that people judge me on how I look."

She pauses. "I know I'm dealing in a business where we're judged by what's skin deep and not underneath it all. But I don't judge men like that, and I always say I'd much prefer a one-legged humpback who's at least got a decent heart and not good-



Gillespie in Hammer's *LOST CONTINENT*, an adaptation of Dennis Wheatley's *Unholy Descent*. One critic pegged the film as "Dreadfully uneven...A sublime folly."

looking, rather than someone who's looking at himself in the mirror all the time or who thinks he's marvelous. So I've never understood how men—I'm talking about 25 years ago—treated me. It was very much physical. And I think people are a bit peculiar."

Unperturbed by the suggestion she'll now be deluged with proposals from one-legged hunchbacks, she chuckles. "Yeah, well, I don't mind. But I still think people are peculiar."

"That type of film that I was doing, I don't know any other actresses who were doing that same kind of stuff and survived to end up doing decent theatre work. Somehow, if you started off on that game of being those 'breathe-as-and-smile' girls, you got stuck with it and the only way I was able to get out was because I had a voice. And I think doing JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR was very good in taking me

one step beyond, and then the whole Bowie thing and living in America put me another step beyond."

So what's going on "beyond" 1996? Any hopes or secret aspirations to ply her acting skills in more film or television work? "If somebody came along with a role that was worth doing—or if anybody was do-

ing anything in this country—sure, I'd do it," nods Gillespie. "But there's so little actually happening that I don't know really what I could do. It's not as if I'm getting inundated with serious acting offers. But I'm not that unhappy because when I look back on my time when I was at the National Theatre, do-

ing Shakespeare with Sir Joan Gielgud, I was the most miserable that I ever was in my whole life."

"I was sharing a dressing room with Julie Covington and Jenny Agutter and I was totally miserable, because I loathe Shakespeare. I hate doing the same thing every night—whether it's cooking or anything, I don't want to do the same thing every night. So the theatre is not really for me. Whereas singing nobody can really tell you what to do."

"If you're doing a play or a film, somebody has to direct you and say, 'You go from there to there,' but when it comes to singing interpretation, I hate being told what to do because I don't know what going to happen when I open my mouth. I just wait for the inspiration to sort of fall out." Her mouth widens into that winning smile one last time. "...And hope that it's going to be all right!" □

"It was a fabulous film!" Gillespie & Milton field as PEOPLE THAT TIME FOR-GOT. One reviewer noted, "Juvenile, occasionally egregiously so!"



XENA

WARRIOR PRINCESS

THOUGH DENIED THE BUDGET OF "HERCULES," HER MALE COUNTERPART, SHE'S KILLING THE COMPETITION.

BY DAN SCAPPEROTTI

Aaah, the good ol' days. I remember when spear n' sandal sagas were the domain of men. As the brawny bread-winners, guys clucked paper mache boulders at overized sock puppets. Italian starlets, clad in tunics, clung to the ankles of those demigods who—in fits of testosterone-discharged delirium—pointlessly swung chains or demolished temples. Once in a while, they'd drop a dubbed line of choice, machismo dialogue—"By the gods, I will have my revenge—I swear it! This murderer shall have no peace."—believed Steve Reeves in *GOLIATH & THE BARBARIANS*.

Then along came Lucy Lawless as *XENA: WARRIOR PRINCESS*, the series spun-off from *HERCULES: THE LEGENDARY JOURNEYS*. Last time we chatted with the outspoken Ms. Lawless (FF 4.5), she didn't constrain her conversation to fencing and workouts, nope,



A sexual union between Xena (Lucy Lawless) & Hercules (Kevin Sorbo) has cooled. Producer Robert Tapert insists the heroine's influence on tense productions another such affair.

uncharacteristic of a "family show" pitchwoman, Lawless broached "taboo" stuff like "Bible Belt mentality," gay parades and anti-American sentiment.

The New Zealand actress is celebrating her second season as "the favorite of Aris, god of war." Introduced in a trio of episodes on the *HERCULES* series, Xena initial-

ly was conceptualized as the liege of rampaging renegades. When her ruthless co-conspirators annihilated a village, Xena saw the error of her ways, her crusade for virtuous, vulnerable provincials turned into the premise for a series.

Producers Rob Tapert and Sam Raimi, who previously collaborated on the *EVIL*

DEAD and *DARKMAN* trilogies, have offered their *HERCULES* and *XENA* characters the liberty to crossover into each other's series. "We decided to do a three-episode *XENA: WARRIOR PRINCESS* arc," said executive producer Tapert, "—having an evil warrior princess who is bad, then partly bad, then is turned good. The reason I was interested in doing it was that it allowed us to incorporate some action that we really couldn't do with *Hercules*. Just some wild, over-the-top action that didn't quite work with him as the big brawling character that he is. We did the first one, *WARRIOR PRINCESS*, and the studio liked it and wanted to do a spin-off series."

Only a couple of *HERCULES* episodes had been broadcast when the producers concluded that *XENA* would be functional as a solo act. *HERCULES* had originally been piggybacked with another Universal Television series, *VANISHING SON*, but studio executives



"Hercules doesn't kill people. Xena does," explains executive producer Robert Tapert. "I think, on a whole, the XENA series has a harder tone to it. It's not quite as tongue-in-cheek and funny to general audiences."



1) "Celine Dion brought Xena to me," says Lineweaver, who introduced her character on the HERCULES series. Inset: Kevin Sorbo w/ exec producer Robert Tapert. R: Xena's mythic opponents are generated by Kevin O'Hall's Post Earth Effects



worried about the latter show's viability.

"They wanted something that was more of a companion piece to HERCULES," Tapert explained. "I've always been interested in doing a female superhero show for a whole host of reasons. They tend not to work and I wanted to make one work. And they tended to be kind of mundane and sappy, and I wanted to do a really hard show."

Tapert admits that Hong Kong's action epics have served as an influence. "These pictures have strong female superheroes in them like THE BRIDE WITH WHITE HAIR, and THE SWORDSMAN II and III, or the Brigitte Lin-starring vehicles."

The producer's submission into both HERCULES and XENA stretches from story development to post-production polish. "I keep my finger on it all the way through because I find that, if I don't do that, I'm not al-



ways happy with the result."

Lucy Lawless' variant career included a stint as a gold miner in Australia's outback. The actress, who measures nearly six feet tall, had appeared on several HERCULES episodes prior to her casting as Xena. "We had used her in the first HERCULES AND THE AMAZON WOMEN two-hour movie," said Tapert, "where she was a leading contender to be Queen of the Amazons if we cast it out of New Zealand. We ended up bringing down someone from America. So she was the second in command of the Amazon women. The studio had asked us to use another girl, from another Universal show, in the three 'Warrior Princess' episodes

and we agreed. I think the girl got cold feet before it was time to go down there and pulled out. So then we decided to try Lucy Lawless and toss a different wig on her."

An accomplice was ordained, but not the traditional romantic ally. Circumventing her drab, rustic existence, Gabrielle (Renee O'Connor) assisted Xena in rescue missions. Inherently the comic relief, Gabrielle is a flawed overachiever who blunders not only encounters with mythic creatures, but even her turn as Xena's defense counsel when the heroine is accused of slaughtering peaceful villagers.

"We had used Renee in one of the two-hour movies," said Tapert, "and I've always enjoyed her performances. She makes me laugh and we needed a sidekick for Xena and came up with her. The character was conceived specifically for her because it is a totally different character than Xena. Gabrielle is a sort of valley girl."

While the series is set in ancient Greece, the character demeanor and dialogue is decidedly late 20th century. The producers abandoned the Hercules/Galah chaps that American producer Sam Arkoff used to import for a dime-a-dozen. "We felt that they didn't really play any more," said Tapert. "We wanted to update HERCULES and give it a modern flare and flavor and hopefully, in the coming years, it wouldn't seem dated or stilted. That same sensibility carried over into XENA that we wanted to have it definitely applicable to a '90s sensibility and not a period piece."

The political climate has wrought a condemnation of TV violence; nevertheless, Tapert candidly professes that he's pushed the envelope: "The violence is pretty unreal, so people don't really believe this level of violence. In one episode of XENA, I think we did cross the boundaries but it was only in hindsight. It was the show called 'The Gauntlet,' the

"I've been interested in doing a female superhero show for a host of reasons. They tend not to work, they're mundane and sappy; but I wanted a really hard show."



It's Renee O'Connor as Xena's sidekick, Gabrielle ("The character is sort of a valley girl"). B' Continued by Decca (Jay Laga'aia) on the premiere episode



second in the three episode arc. It's the one where Xena's men put her through the gauntlet and drive her out of the camp. I did everything I could to lessen the impact of that scene. We took out some sound effects to not make it so gut-wrenchingly horrible."

Tapert, in fact, risked rule reversal with the body count. "Hercules doesn't kill

people," he explained. "Xena does. It's a weird designation and probably very contradictory in my mind, but it's one way of saying this will be a XENA episode because these people get killed. XENA is for a slightly older audience, although we have a couple of XENA episodes that are somewhat lighter. But, I think as a whole, XENA

has a heavier tone to it. It's not quite as tongue-in-cheek and funny to the general audience, although sometimes I find it very funny. XENA is a nine o'clock show. There are stories that we tell in HERCULES that don't work as well in XENA and vice versa. For instance, Hercules can walk into two warring factions in a story and it can be about him bringing that to the proper conclusion. Those stories work in XENA, but more interesting. Xena stories are ones that emanate directly from her character—whether it's her past or desires. Hercules is more a meat-and-potatoes guy, and I mean that only in the best sort of way; we haven't yet given him those internal character conflicts that plague him."

While the sexual tension between Hercules and Xena is kept to a minimum, one episode ended with the former adversaries in bed. "Originally, we thought we would play up the sexuality," Tapert advised. "But as we go along, we find ourselves more and more reluctant to play it for a really crappy reason. She's got quite a fan club of teens 12 to 17 years old, and I don't know if we want her having sex again until we find the right circumstances."

The studio hews, cynical about a female superhero rendering Nielsen comparable to her male counterpart, apportioned budgets on gender. The average HERCULES episode is shot on an eight-day schedule; XENAS crew must contend with a seven-day shoot per episode.

Envisioning 23 fresh stories per XENA season is challenging, equally problematic, noted Tapert, is "coming up with interesting and different action pieces for XENA that are totally separate from HERCULES. Really, the type of action with XENA is much more difficult to stage. We have a lot of rugging and harnesses

continued on page 68



Barry Leffew, formerly "window dressing" in low-budget sci-fi films, has turned entrepreneur as producer and hostess of the Softbodies video series.

FATALE ATTRACTIONS

and Sarah Jane Hamilton (NIGHT VISIONS). For info, write Leffew at her Softbody Company, 606 S. Beverly Dr., Suite 953, Beverly Hills, CA 90212. Tel: 1-800-633-9930. E-Mail: SoftBodyCo@aol.com. Check out the web site on page 62. □

XENA

continued from page 18

and acrobatics and stuff like that—and we have less time, so it's really a double-edged sword. I have to give Prier

Bill, our stunt coordinator in New Zealand, a lot of credit. He coordinates both shows and comes up with wonderful bits of action for each one. There is a core group of about eight stuntmen and a fringe group of up to 20. If you were me, you'd see the same guys in every episode. They're just great."

Expensive battle scenes notwithstanding, the show rarely leans on stock footage—excepting a forthcoming episode of XENA that may be a swell confluence for flashback scenes. "It's what

they call the chop show," relates Yupert, "where they are kind of telling stories. I've actually gotten the rights to a whole bunch of old HERCULES pictures and cheesy movies, because some guys are telling really cheesy stories and I'm kind of excited because that's going to be fun to edit."

Much of XENA is filmed in the hills of New Zealand countryside. The protagonist is frequently shown walking on consecrated grounds, desolate caverns and hellish lairs. "We actually have six stages," explained Yupert. "Each stage has a couple of sets on them and we redress them a lot and we tear down and store them and rebuild them. We have a 100-acre movie farm just outside of Auckland that has a permanent village and a bunch of stuff built on it, and we use that for a lot of our outside shooting."

Well, to HERCULES' credit, the big guy has clattered his rival series, but, according to the latest Nielsen, guess who's creaming her competition? □

MAMIE VAN DOREN

continued from page 18
things I never had time to do before. I'm enjoying my life fully. It's really rewarding to me. I don't have to get up at 4:30 AM and worry about how I look and all that. I take good care of myself. I lost my mother on August 27, 1986 and it's been kind of rough for me, because I was quite close to her. It broke my heart. I've been grieving on and off for a while."

She occasionally appears at conventions and has been interviewed for film documentaries. Earlier this year, Van

Doren promoted the American Movie Classics special, BALLYHOO: THE HOLLYWOOD Sideshow, homage to Hollywood hucksters—including William Castle—who defused the '60s threat of television with optical and "audience participation" gimmicks.

Well, 1996: Applying finishing touches to her screenplay, A SEX KITTEN IN VIETNAM, Van Doren described the scenario as "my experience in Vietnam. I was over there twice interesting. Not with the USG, but on my own. I visited places [Bob] Hope didn't have the balls to go to. I really took my life in my hands. I ran into Oliver Stone at a party the other night and he's anxious to see it..." □

ALFRE WOODARD

continued from page 4

a play-turned-film based on the infamous Tuskegee syphilis experiment in 1950s Alabama that claimed the lives of many black men. It is scheduled to air in February on HBO.

Woodard in the title role finds herself torn between two worlds. Her father, played by Ossie Davis, made sure she was educated and is eager to find her doing a field hand. But her ability to adjust to different environments is good for the experiment. "Nurses have an intimate relationship to the community. She has a way of speaking and making those around her comfortable. Her dialect changes as she speaks to her father and then field hands," says Woodard.

"One thing that makes her a successful part of the experiment is that she can talk to doctors, nurses and those in the field." Woodard doesn't

Van Doren vigilante violence vegetables in NAVY vs. THE NIGHT NIGHTS. "Her personality since her achieved cut scene," noted a *Six* reviewer.



LETTERS

FEMME TO FEMME

I recently purchased my first issue of *Femme Fatales* and fell completely in love with it. You are the only mag that gives credit to the overlooked, beautiful women of the big screen. Keep up the good work!

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the great article on Gina Gershon! She's the hottest woman since Marilyn Penn.

Also, I would love it if you could add an address for Gina to your list of fan clubs!

Jeanene Valentine
La Puente, CA

PS. Not only men love FF! Us girls with girls love you, too!

[Thanks, Jeanene, for your support. It would be our personal pleasure to forward your fan mail to Ms. Gershon, we'll also keep you posted on her latest projects.]

"SCI-FI'S SEXIEST 50" (50) VS. ALABAMA'S UFO CONSPIRACY

I was very disappointed by Mark A. Altman's snub of the actresses who were cast in the British TV series, *U.F.O.* (Produced in 1970, syndicated in the U.S. during the Fall, '72 season, 26 episodes). Gabrielle Drake is not only beautiful, she was awarded the RADA acting medal. Drake, in fact, has been contacted about renewing her series character, Gay Ellis, for an Australian spin-off.

Other sexy operatives on the series: Wanda Ventham ("Col. Virginia Lake"—her *Timeless* episode is the preferred fave of fans), Dolores Mantz ("Nina Barry"), Antonia Ellis ("Joan Harrington"). All of them are truly femme fatales!

Guest stars on the series included scorchy Hammer heroines Stephanie Beacham (DRACULA A.D. 1972), Pippa Steel (THE VAMPIRE LOVER), Adrienne Cori (VAMPIRE CIRCUS), Jane Mawer (HANDS OF THE RIPPER), Susan Farmer (DRACULA—PRINCE OF DARKNESS), etc.

Pity, this is the USA, and science fiction-oriented television seems to begin and end

with STAR TREK. But British sci-fi?

James Kilham
Sumner, AL

Mark's Altman's list was very interesting and I agree with many of his choices. However, I have to point out a glaring omission: he did not include a single actress from the England's U.F.O. TV series. Wanda Ventham is a blonde bombshell with thermonuclear power... Gabrielle Drake is probably the sexiest femme every to don or doff a space suit... Dolores Mantz, a darkly sensual beauty—and Ayshea, Georgina Moun, Antonia Ellis...

I suggest that Tim Groves contact this country cast for interviews.
Gordon Maxwell
Birmingham, AL

I was really unhappy that Mark A. Altman excluded the female cast of *U.F.O.*

In one episode, *Timeless*, Wanda Ventham chased an alien saboteur through frozen time. Blasting away with a futuristic machine gun, her blouse threatened to pop open. She really didn't need the weapon, her figure and icy blue eyes could instantly disarm any opponent.

Having seen Dolores Mantz take out an astronaut in the *Mindbender* episode, I'm certain she could have been England's answer to Pam Grier.

Gabrielle Drake did a semi-strip out of uniform in the first episode, *Identified*, the first completed the set in Val Guest's film, *AU PAIR GIRLS*.

Georgina Moun, as the Sky-Diver One sonar operator, wore a fishnet blouse. Fans of the series are still debating whether or not it concealed a bra.

Ayshea's white uniform appeared to have been apfited with spray paint.

But here's the bottom line: the U.F.O. femmes were sexy, intelligent and—when push came to shove—stood their own ground and fought; no screaming, fainting, nor resignation to male racism. They were real femme fatales.

Lynn Miller
Jasper, AL



Sara Suzanne Brown is released in *BIMBO MOVIE BASH*, Full Moon's B-horror.

SAPPHISM

I'd like to thank Jennifer Huss for editorially supporting the lesbian community (*FF* 5-6). As a practitioner of that "alternate lifestyle", and a film student, I've scrutinized portrayals of girl/girl unions. While we've been publicly vilified in the past, the sexual nature of aspheric relationships has been exploited to sell movie tickets or videos. For every 20 fantasy/horror films that are driven by scenes of two actresses disgustingly groping one another, there's only one that endeavors some truthful exploration of a relationship (sample the 1989 version of *CARNILLA*, produced by Shelley Duvall); the love between Jane Skae and Meg Tilly is sensitively developed. And thank God for a film like *BOUND*, which not only celebrated the physical rhapsody between Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly, but analyzed the reason for their mutual attraction.

Perhaps Ms. Huss can go on record, with her defense of the lesbian lifestyle, because she's an admitted heterosexual. I admit that I'm a lesbian, albeit a closet lesbian, so I can only go on record as—

Name withheld
Los Angeles, CA

PS. I'm not only physically attracted to the women in your magazine, I love the interviews.

I have only two questions:

#1: How the hell did lesbianism turn into an entire editorial? C'mon folks, lighten up. Women like Jennifer Huss, who preach down to straights—and, mind you, we're social mammals if we don't hang onto every word—make guys like Howard Stern so appealing. Howard doesn't dream about "lesbian ostracization"; he makes the whole thing entertaining. Huss will always be screaming from a soapbox, but Howard has the bullhorn. If it were up to Miss Huss and her attitude about rank fantasy, movies would depict lesbians as talking heads with no sex lives.

#2: What's shaking with Sara Suzanne Brown (*FF* 2-3)? Whichever happened with *THE DWELLING*, the film she made back in '93 with Michelle Bauer?

Leo Matikawa
Las Vegas, NE

[Ms. Brown appears in *BIMBO MOVIE BASH*, a film-within-a-film directed by David Parker. B-movie homage is interlarded from clips and cutscenes from the film libraries of Full Moon and the defunct Empire Pictures. A four-minute trailer had been cut for *THE DWELLING*, but a distribution deal has not yet been negotiated.]

FAN CLUBS

Send self-addressed and stamped envelopes.

Ginger Lynn Allen
<http://www.gingerlynn.com>

Lisa Cunniff
<http://www.lastingeffects.com>

Becky LeBenu/Soft Bodies
<http://www.softbodies.com>

Wendy Schumacher
P.O. Box 3095
Carlsbad, CA 92009

Marnie Van Doren
c/o Bob Belin
P.O. Box 80224
San Marino, CA 91118-8224

